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Gentleman's Miscellany :

CONSISTING OF

ESSAYS, CHARACTERS, NARRATIVES;
ANECDOTES, AND POEMS,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

CALCULATED FOR

THE IMPROVEMENT OF GENTLEMEN IN
EVERY RELATION IN LIFE.

—o—o—

By GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq.

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY, PLEASING
MELANCHOLY, RURAL CHRISTIAN, &c.

—o—o—

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. HOR.

—o—o—

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Cambridge's Librarian

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ESSAYS ON THE HISTORY OF THE

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

AND THE LIBRARY OF THE

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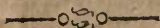
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P R E F A C E.



THERE are few if any *material* points respecting the manners, conduct, and conversation of a *Gentleman*, but what are insisted on and illustrated in the following pages. To admit the greater variety of subjects, some less important, are only slightly touched upon, while others more interesting, are considered and explained at large.

The duties of every relation in life, and the benefits resulting from the uniform practice of those duties, are held out and enforced both from examples and experience. To enliven the moral and serious parts of this work, pleasing *Narratives*, *Anecdotes*, and *Poems*, are interspersed, which are intended to render it, agreeable to the *utile dulci* of the ancients, both PROFITABLE and ENTERTAINING. How far it is calculated to answer these purposes, must be left to the decision of the judicious and discerning reader.

If any apology is thought necessary for publishing this Miscellany, it may be made in the remarks of
the

the Monthly Reviewers on a late similar publication of the Editor's, entitled, *Pleasant Reflections on Life and Manners*.

"Miscellaneous collections of this kind are become very numerous; but as they generally consist of *moral* pieces, they are, to say the least of them, innocent, as well as entertaining. The multiplication, therefore, of such complements, is of no disservice to society."

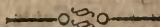
See MONTHLY REVIEW for AUG. 1788.

John-Street,
April 23, 1795.

G. W.

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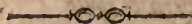


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THE
Gentleman's Miscellany,

I. N.
PROSE AND VERSE.

ON THE
DIFFERENT MANNERS OF READING;
OR,
DIRECTIONS FOR READING TO ADVANTAGE.

WHAT is any book, if it is not read in that manner by which it may best be understood? A novel, whose merit lies chiefly in the story, should be quickly passed through *; for the closer you can bring the several circumstances together, the better. If its merit consists in character and sentiment, it should be read much slower; for the least obvious parts of a character are frequently the most beautiful; and the propriety of a sentiment may easily escape in a hasty perusal.

Detached thoughts ought to be dwelt on longer than any other manner of writing; for different subjects following close, do rather confound than instruct; but if we allow ourselves time to reflect, we may understand the author, and perhaps improve ourselves. Each thought should be considered as a text, upon which we ought to make a commentary.

Bayle's.

* Few modern novels are worth reading.

Bayle's manner of writing by text and note is generally decried, but without reason. When there is a necessity of proving the assertion by quotation, which was his case, no other way can be taken equally perspicuous. The authorities must be produced somewhere—they cannot be in the text, and if they are put at the end of the book, which is the modern fashion, how much more troublesome are they for referring to, than by being at the bottom of the page? The truth is, this is another instance of ignorance in the method of reading. Bayle, Harris, and other writers of this class, should have the text read first, which is quickly dispatched; then, begin again and take in the notes. By these means you preserve a connexion, and judge of the proofs of what is asserted.

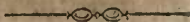
None judge less favourably of an author than his intimate friends—their personal knowledge of him as a man, destroys a hundred delusions to his advantage as an author.—“Who is a hero to his valet-de-chambre?” said the great Condé; and he might have added, “or to his *friends*?” Besides the obvious reason for this, it is most likely that an author has, in his common conversation, made his friends acquainted with his sentiments long before they are communicated to the public. The consequence is, that to *them* his work is not new; and it is possible that they may take to themselves part of his merit; for I have known many instances, where a person has been told something by way of information, which he himself told to the informer.

An author's intimate acquaintance frequently do him more harm than avowed enemies. They show so many apprehensions on his account—they so much dread the censure he may incur, and the enemies he may create by his new opinions, &c.

All this betrays a want of confidence, and is very naturally

naturally set down to their knowing something of the author and his works the world is not acquainted with.

It is certain, that the less *personal* knowledge we have of an author, the greater is our esteem for his productions; of course, we commend those the most, of whom we know the *least*.



THE
BENEFITS OF READING AND REFLECTION
IN
YOUNGER LIFE.

WHATEVER temporary relief dissipation may afford to the vigour of youth, and ardour of manhood, it will not give the same pleasure to advanced age. Mental observations will then rise in delight as juvenile spirits subside; and reading and reflection will then afford that consolation which gay amusements cannot give. Therefore to neglect the cultivation of the mind in juvenile years, has in some sort the same effect as neglecting to feed the body: A languor must ensue in both, which leads to a fatal tendency; besides, we ought to consider, that if we refuse to exert our faculties in the degree they are given at a vigorous time of life, our talents may be taken from us, at a season when we shall most want them, and have the most poignant sense of their deprivation.

It is every person's duty to keep the mind as easy as possible in every state; else why do we gratify the child in a change of toys, when its innocent simplicity is only capable of finding beauty in a straw, or music in a key? But these trifles cannot amuse us beyond our infant state: The boy is disgusted with them, and the man calls for still nobler recreations: Robust exercise succeeds; but that will not do for
weak

weak hands and feeble knees, which accompany the last stage of life. Then the produce of learning and reading is an amazing consolation ! But the seeds must be sown in youth, otherwise the fruits cannot be gathered in age. And what fruits can be gathered from a trifling kind of reading, which leaves nothing for the mind to feed on ? Life is far too short and precious to be wasted in mere amusement, which does but in a manner pamper us for a sacrifice, by destroying the seeds of fortitude and virtue.

A well-educated mind will often afford a sumptuous treat to its happy possessor, even in solitude ; which gives opportunity for a more copious range of thought, on subjects which ennoble human nature.

Jemmy Saunter, and his fair spouse, abounded in worldly wealth ; but, I must not go further. Yes I may, for their house was nobly furnished, and I was obligingly shown all their plate, trinkets, and expensive attire. I exhausted all the fine things I was able to say, in its praise. But this being the only theme for conversation, as the novelty subsided, the joy was lost with me ; and finding myself incapable of inverting more panegyric to offer at this shrine of vanity, I endeavoured to divert myself with a little girl, and to fathom the depth of her capacity. But the most I could get her to say was, *My mamma is a lady of fortune*, which she had made a little song of ; and it was so often reverberated in my ear, that I wished, for the sake of the mother, as well as the daughter, that her fortune had lain more in her *mind**.

THE

* The mind with useful knowledge stor'd,
Delight and pleasure will afford.

THE
BANKRUPT TRADESMAN,
WITHOUT
LOSS OR MISFORTUNE.

Beware of Extravagance.

A YOUNG man of good character, sets up in business with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit; and soon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years he finds that his business increases; but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it necessary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are soon found to be inconvenient, and for a very small additional expense he might have a snug little box of his own. A snug little box is taken, repaired, new-modelled, and furnished.

Here he always spends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him just to eat a bit of mutton, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. Visitors of this sort are not wanting. One is invited because he is a customer, another because he may assist him in his business, a third because he is a relation of his own or his wife's, a fourth because he is an old acquaintance, and a fifth because he is very entertaining; besides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to stay to dinner, although they have an engagement somewhere else.

He now keeps his horses for the sake of exercise; but as this is a solitary kind of pleasure which his wife cannot share, and as the expence of a whisky can be but trifling where a horse is already kept, a whiskey is purchased, in which he takes out his wife

and his child as often as his time will permit. After all, driving a whiskey is but indifferent amusement to sober people ; his wife too is timorous, and ever since she heard of Mrs. Threadneedle's accident, by the stumbling of her horse, will not set her foot in one ; Besides the expence of a horse and whiskey, with what is occasionally spent in coach-hire, falls so little short of what his friend Mr. Harness asks for a job-coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never may be made him again.

The job-coach is agreed for, and the boy in a plain coat with a red cape to it, that used to clean the knives, wait at table, and look after the horse, becomes a smart footman with a handsome livery. The snug little box is now too small for so large a family. There is a charming house, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from London, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had a great bargain. The premises, to be sure, are somewhat more extensive than he should want, but the house is new, and, for a moderate expence, might be put into most excellent repair.

Hither he removes ; hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and supplies his own table with every thing in season, for little more than double the money the same articles would cost if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now seems comfortable ; but his friend Harness does not treat him so well as he expected. His horses are often ill matched, and the coachman sometimes even peremptorily refuses to drive them a few miles extraordinary, for why, " he's answerable to Master for the poor beasts." His expenses, it is true, are as much as he can afford ; but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses for less money than he pays to Harness. A rich relation of his
wife's

wife's too is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome.

The job-coach is discharged, he keeps his own carriage, and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more visits than she could before. Yet he finds by experience, that an airing in a carriage is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback, in the way of exercise ; he must have a saddle-horse ; and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own sake, and to the nearest assemblies for the sake of his wife.

During all this progress, his business has not been neglected ; but his capital, originally small, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies ; his expenses are evidently greater than his income ; and in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good quality but foresight to avoid, or resolution to retrench expenses which his business cannot support ; his country-house and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dine with him, drive him fairly in to the Gazette.

The country-house is let, the equipage is sold, his friends shrug up their shoulders, inquire for how much he has failed, wonder it was not for more, say he was a good creature and an honest creature ; but they always thought it would come to this, pity him from their very souls, hope his creditors will be favourable to him, and go to find dinners elsewhere.

REFLECTIONS

ON

SYMPATHY AND COMPASSION.

Weep with those that weep.

THE word Sympathy, in its most proper and primitive signification, denotes our fellow-feeling

with the sufferings of others. It is, in some sense, more universal than that of joy. What we feel does not, indeed, amount to that complete sympathy, to that harmony and correspondence of sentiments, which constitute approbation. We do not weep, exclaim, and lament, with the sufferer. We are sensible, on the contrary, of his weakness, and of the extravagance of his passion, and yet often feel a very sensible concern on his account. But if we do not entirely enter into, and go along with, the joy of another, we have no sort of regard or fellow-feeling for it. The man who skips and dances about with that intemperate and thoughtless joy which we cannot accompany him in, is the object of our contempt and indignation.

Our sympathy with pain, though it falls greatly short of what is naturally felt by the sufferer, is generally a more lively and distinct perception than our sympathy with pleasure. Certain it is, we often struggle hard to keep down our sympathy with the sorrows of others. For, whenever we are not under the observation of the sufferer, we endeavour for our own sake, to suppress it as much as we can, and yet are not always successful. But we never have occasion to make this opposition to our sympathy with joy. We often feel a sympathy with sorrow, when we would wish to be rid of it; and we often miss that with joy when we would be glad to have it. The man, who, under the greatest calamities, can command his sorrow, seems worthy of the highest admiration; but he, who, in the fulness of prosperity, can in the same manner master his joy, seems hardly to deserve any praise.

What can be added to the happiness of the man who is in health, out of debt, and has a clear conscience? To one in this situation, all accessions of fortune may properly be said to be superfluous: But, though

though little can be added to this state, much may be taken from it. Though between this condition and the highest pitch of human prosperity, the interval is but a trifle ; between it and the lowest depth of misery, the distance is immense and prodigious. Adversity, upon this account, necessarily depresses the mind of the sufferer much more below its natural state, than prosperity can elevate him above it. It is, therefore, upon this account, that, however our sympathy with sorrow is often a more pungent sensation than our sympathy with joy, it always falls very short of the violence of what is naturally felt by the person principally concerned.

When we attend to the representation of a tragedy, we struggle against that sympathetic sorrow which the entertainment inspires as long as we can, and we give way to it at last only when we can no longer avoid it ; if we shed tears, we endeavour to conceal them, and are afraid lest the spectators, not entering into this excessive tenderness, should regard it as effeminacy and weakness. The wretch, whose misfortunes call upon our compassion, feels with what reluctance we are likely to enter into this sorrow, and therefore proposes his grief to us with fear and hesitation ; he even smothers the half of it, and is ashamed, upon account of this hard-heartedness of mankind, to give vent to the fulness of his affliction. It is otherwise with the man who riots in joy and success. Wherever envy does not interest us against him, he expects our completest sympathy. He does not fear, therefore, to announce himself with shouts of exultation, in full confidence that we are heartily disposed to go along with him.

How hearty are the acclamations of the mob who never bear any envy to their superiors at a triumph or public entry ? And how sedate and moderate is commonly their grief at an execution ? Our sorrow

at a funeral generally amounts to no more than an affected gravity; but our mirth at a christening, or a marriage, is always from the heart, and without any affectation. On the contrary, when we condole with our friends in their afflictions, how little do we feel, in comparison of what they feel? We sit down by them, we look at them, and, while they relate to us the circumstances of their misfortunes, we listen, it may be, to them with gravity and attention: But, while their narration is every moment interrupted by those natural bursts of sorrow, which often seem almost to choak them in the midst of it, how far are the languid emotions of our hearts from keeping time to the pungent feelings of theirs? We may even inwardly reproach ourselves with our own want of sensibility, and perhaps, upon that account, work ourselves up into an artificial sympathy; which, however, when it is raised, is the slightest and most transitory imaginable; and, generally, as soon as we have left the room, vanishes, and is gone for ever.

It is upon account of this dull sensibility to the afflictions of others, that magnanimity amidst great distress appears always so divinely graceful. He appears to be more than mortal, who can support the most dreadful calamities. We are amazed to find, that he can command himself so entirely. His firmness, at the same time, perfectly coincides with our insensibility. There is the most perfect correspondence between his sentiments and ours, and upon that account the most perfect propriety in his behaviour. We wonder at that strength of mind which is capable of so noble and generous an effort; and this sentiment of complete sympathy and approbation, mixed and animated with wonder and surprise, constitutes what is properly called admiration.

Cato, surrounded on all sides by his enemies, unable to resist them, disdaining to submit to them, and
reduced,

reduced, by the proud maxims of that age, to the necessity of destroying himself; yet, never shrinking from his misfortunes, never supplicating, with the lamentable voice of wretchedness, those miserable, sympathetic tears, which we are always so unwilling to give; but, on the contrary, arming himself with manly fortitude, and, the moment before he executes his fatal resolution, giving, with his usual tranquility, all necessary orders for the safety of his friends, appears to Seneca, that great preacher of insensibility, a spectacle, which even the gods themselves might behold with pleasure and admiration.

Whenever we meet, in common life, with any examples of such heroic magnanimity, we are always extremely affected. We are more apt to weep and shed tears for such as, in this manner, seem to feel nothing for themselves, than for those who give way to all the weakness of sorrow; and, in this particular case, the sympathetic grief of the spectator appears to go beyond the original passion, in the person principally concerned. The friends of Socrates all wept when he drank the last baneful potion, while he himself expressed the gayest and most cheerful tranquility.

Upon all such occasions the spectator makes no effort in order to conquer his sympathetic sorrow. He is under no fear that it will transport him to any thing that is extravagant and improper; he is rather pleased with the sensibility of his own heart, and gives way to it with complacence and self-approbation.

On the contrary, he always appears, in some measure, mean and despicable, who is sunk in sorrow and dejection upon account of any calamity of his own. We cannot bring ourselves to feel for him, what he feels for himself, and what, perhaps, we should feel for ourselves, if in his situation; we therefore despise him;

him ; unjustly perhaps, if any sentiment could be regarded as unjust, to which we are by nature irresistibly determined. How did it disgrace the memory of the intrepid Duke of Biron, who had so often braved death in the field, that he wept upon the scaffold, when he beheld the state to which he was fallen ; and remembered the favour and the glory from which his own rashness had so unfortunately thrown him !



MARIUS,

OR,

THE ABUSE OF RICHES :

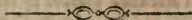
A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

MARIUS is a man of a very extensive fortune, of opulent connexions, and possessed of health, talents, and every comfort that Fortune, as she is called, can bestow upon man : his wife is allowed to be one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and amiable women in England. Marius therefore seems apparently to think himself too happy, and in order to familiarize his mind with misfortune, has connected himself with a woman of the stage, possessed indeed of some beauty, but without one spark of honour, generosity, or tenderness.

On this woman Marius squanders immense sums, without even obtaining her affections ; she receives the price of her interviews with the coolness of a common bargain of trade, and despises her customer at heart ; nay insults him to his face, and in the presence of others ; but he yet doats upon her, and unless that fickleness of taste which is peculiar to men of gallantry, comes to his relief, he will probably impair his health and fortune in her service. Are these acts of a wise man ? Are men happy in proportion

portion as they are rich*? But Marius is not a singular character. Hundreds every day give proof that if riches confer happiness, it is a happiness of which they are heartily tired, and of which they strive to get rid by the quickest possible means. And after every consideration of this subject, it will be found that the use of riches, as of every other possession, consists in moderation.

Less than moderation is niggardliness; more is intemperance. The one narrows and confines the heart, the other corrupts and pollutes it.



A WALK IN BEDLAM HOSPITAL.

BY A LADY.

Some of the lunatics I observed were playing at cards, whilst numbers were walking about, eating their dinners in clean wooden bowls, very contented and cheerful. One of this class much urged me to partake with him. His appearance and behaviour retained much of the gentleman; amidst his wanderings he was very polite, but uneasy under restraint. He said, he was used very ill to be put under confinement, for which no one gave him a reason; therefore, he urged us to procure his enlargement, by application to some persons of distinction and power, to whom he would give us an address. I inquired the cause of this lively captive's being in durance, and learned he was a victim to ill-fated love!

At our entrance among the *female* patients (where no man was permitted to attend us) I addressed myself to a well-looking matron, and admiring the neat-

ness

* Wealth never can *true* happiness procure:
Contented minds are happy tho' they're poor.

ness of her dress, which was a black taffeta pinned back, she told me, silks of that texture were so constantly hitching here and there, that she chose to make a suit of clothes of it at once, and then it was a court day always. I had conversed with this lady but a few minutes, before she discovered the provincial dialect of the company, and asked for several families in Gloucester-shire. This being a lucid interval with several; another lunatic argued very calmly, that she was not mad, but confined to make her so, that some near relation of her's might take possession of her fortune and estate. But if those visitors, who saw her in that dismal mansion, had one spark of benevolence, humanity, or pity warming their bosoms; she conjured us, by all that was good and sacred, to use the means she pointed out, with seeming reason, to procure her liberty. She extorted the promise she so ardently desired; and then, with an awful solemnity, She added, "God was just; and if we did not religiously keep the promise made to her, might vengeance pursue the violators, and all the thunder-bolts of heaven descend on our heads; for she was Jove's wife, and Jupiter had undone her. Pride and romantic notions, which dethrone reason, and destroy human happiness, I found had a great share in turning the brains of this supposed goddess.

These likewise usurped a powerful sway in the next object I turned to, who was a lady that fancied herself an *empress*. I made my court to her by offering my snuff-box, as I found a small paper of snuff had been a more acceptable present to each individual before, than the freedom of the city, or a purse of gold could possibly have been. This Utopian queen, with her paper crown and supercilious air however, did me the honour to take a pinch of snuff from me; but had she held out the sceptre of royalty

royalty, she could not have seemed to have conferred a greater dignity on me, than by the extension of her hand.

Conversation seemed a reviving cordial to most of the other female patients, who were solicitous to engage me in it, according to their different turns of mind, or disorders, in which they showed the influence their religion and country had over them. The Roman Catholics mourned I was not fluent in the French language, and that I could not discourse of their blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary, nor any of their holy saints.

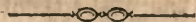
The last person I conversed with in these gloomy walls, asked me if I was acquainted with Mr. John Wesley, the preacher? On my answering I knew him, the sweet creature said, she had been crucified to him *ten* years; and his cross was easy to bear. I then asked her the reason of her confinement? She very serenely replied, that her husband and two pretty babes died last Christmas, and her cruel brother would not let her take leave of either, but had the coffins nailed up without letting her take one parting kiss! "And you know, Madam," said the poor distressed object, (her bosom heaving with maternal sighs, and her eyes imploring pity!) "I could not follow the corpse of my dear Charles, and our sweet children, like a cow lowing for her calf."

I could not help smiling at her expressions, though I lamented in thought, that this combat of religion and natural affection, which are in themselves so pure, should have been too strong for the intellects of this amiable innocent, which I found to be the case; for she seemed to intimate, God would have no rivals in the hearts of those he sanctified, and therefore took her husband and children from her; but she should assuredly go to heaven to them, and meet to part no more; and there she earnestly wished to

meet

meet me, a wish I sincerely joined in; but was obliged to give her some hope of seeing me once more on earth first, as she entreated me to visit her again, and to remember how fast we are all hastening out of this world, and to be prepared for the next.

I left the women's ward with her fervent blessing, and quitted Bedlam, fully convinced of the truth of a common observation; That there are many more mad persons out of it, than in it.



RELIGION THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Desire not riches, they Bewitch :---

Contentment makes the poor man rich.

THE covetous man, never satisfied with adding house to house, field to field, and thousand to thousand, is a glaring proof that happiness is not obtained by riches, nor content purchased by abundance; the sacred records assure us, riches take themselves wings, and flee away like an eagle towards heaven; the young man in the Gospel thought himself a happy man with the possession of the wealth of this world, till Christ informed him of the necessity of parting with all, if he would attain eternal life; indeed, if we look around us, and observe the actions of the major part of mankind, we shall find wealth the goal they are daily running to, the mark they are constantly shooting at, or the foundation on which they vainly imagine felicity is built. But the grand mistake of the multitude lies, in taking the shadow for the substance, and following an *ignis fatuus* instead of the light of truth.

Let the sober and discerning man be asked what is happiness, or wherein does it consist? and he will answer, in the tranquil possession of a contented mind;—
yes,

yes, it must be so, or whence is it, that we so often see the laborious hind cheerful, though a stranger to riches, and barely maintained by his daily toil ? It is not affluence ; it is not honours ; it is not dignity or renown, that constitute or can procure *true* happiness ; no, they are utterly insufficient, even though accompanied with all the dazzling splendor of nobility and parade, to procure ease under trouble, comfort in affliction, or support in the views of death. *Religion* alone, as Dr. YOUNG very justly says, in his Night Thoughts,

Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

G. W.

A FRIENDLY ADMONITION,
TO
EVERY READER.

Retire ; the world shut out ; thy thoughts call home.

Dr. YOUNG.

IN the midst of the hurries and bustle of trade and merchandise, surrounded with a thousand objects to engage the attention, and constantly employed in pursuit of the things of time and sense, what more reasonable and important admonition can be given to the wealthy merchant and industrious tradesman, than that which is held out and contained in the motto I have chosen as above, from Dr. Young's Night Thoughts ?

Retire ! yes, it is the duty of every son and daughter of Adam to retire ; but you may ask, *For* what, *from* what, and *when* must I retire ? I answer *From* the common concerns of life, to inquire how matters stand between God and the soul, *every evening*, before you retire to rest.

C

To

To be wholly swallowed up in the affairs and business of *this* world, without a thought on, and much less preparation for, another and better world beyond the grave, seems to me very impolitic, to say the least of it ; but it is the case of too many, even professors of religion, in the present day ; if they can but make themselves masters of the mammon of unrighteousness, and become the sons of fortune ; little, if any care is taken to be rich in good works ; less concern, if possible, felt about the future well-being of the immortal soul ; and no thought at all inculcated, respecting the grand and important point of the end of man's creation, and the means to attain it. If this is the case, our being called Christians is only a burlesque upon Christianity, and our professions of religion only hypocrisy and deception.

G. W.

THE
BENEFITS OF CHRISTIAN PATIENCE
UNDER
GREAT DISTRESS.

Thy will, O God ! not mine, be done.

CHRISTIAN patience is allowed to be the universal panacea under inevitable misfortunes ; It has a wonderful efficacy to strengthen and support the mind, whilst it rectifies the judgment, and removes from the eye that false glare, through which it was wont to view the objects of sense.

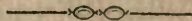
We are directed by it, to converse with the great Father of Spirits, which elevates the soul above the sense of human distress. At such a time, it is a consolatory thought to meditate on what the Saviour of the world suffered when on earth ; how he left the bosom of his Father, and the right hand of glory, in the celestial mansions,

mansions, to endure the complicated distress of pain, penury, and reproach, to redeem us from sin, misery, and woe.

I have been visiting the mansions of poverty and disease, which has given my thoughts a very serious turn. This day have I seen a divine of eminent learning, who was lately held in high esteem, now sunk by the power of oppression and resentment, to absolute penury, without a shilling for support, and attacked by a complication of disorders, which renders the unhappy object unable to do any thing to alleviate his distress.

This is a scene which draws very hard upon humanity; and those persons who bask in affluence, and never turn their feet to the habitations of misery, nor their ear to its complaints, can have but little idea what their fellow-creatures suffer, whose delicacy of situation will not permit them to be common beggars.

Well might Job say, Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; for dangers meet him at his first entrance into life, and he enters into it crying, which implies pain: and no sooner doth he commence an actor on the transitory stage, than he is subject to innumerable impending evils; which are often the harbingers of that real grief, which bedews his way with tears, from the cradle to grave. Nor can infant innocence, youthful vivacity, manly strength, sapient age, nor yet the benign smiles of an earthly prince, secure the man from that numerous train of evils incident to mortality.



VIRTUE, MAN'S HIGHEST INTEREST.

A SOLILOQUY.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense and unknown expansion.

Where

Where am I ? What sort of place do I inhabit ? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience ? is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me ? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind or a different ? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself ? No, nothing like it, the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone ? It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry ? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be out of my power, it is not possible. What consequences then follows ? or can there be any other than this ? If I seek an interest of my own detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How then must I determine ? Have I no interest at all ? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here : It is a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest ? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached ? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted ? The bee, the beaver, and all the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man ? Admit it : and what follows ; If so, then honour and justice are my interest ; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest ; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

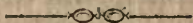
But, farther still ; I stop not here ; I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to
them

them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, and by that common nature of which we all participate ?

Again, I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself ? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour ? and to that stupendous course and order of the infinite hosts of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on ? Were this order once confounded, I should not probably survive a moment, so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety ? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest ; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor, our common parent.

Virtue alone is happiness below ;

And all our knowledge is—ourselves to know. POPE.



VIRTUE ENFORCED ON ALL, FROM THE HOPES AND FEARS OF A FUTURE STATE.

TO impress mankind with a lively and deep persuasion that a vicious life will most certainly lead to eternal misery, and the opposite to eternal happiness in another state and world, cannot be too frequently made a topic with those, whose peculiar office it is to set forth the great truths of religion.

How did my soul rejoice within me, on hearing our curate the other day expatiate on the joys of futurity ! The happiness of heaven, he said, is beyond any thing we can conceive in this state of imperfection. It is a felicity not only perfect in degree, but perpetual in duration. As it is a perfect felicity, it

must be the most refined, and spiritual : It must consist in the extension of our knowledge, and sublimation of our love. Our understandings will be enlarged and enlightened with a brighter display of the divine perfections, with a clearer knowledge of the divine works, in the wonders of creation, of providence, of grace.—while, united in the bonds of indissoluble friendship, and glowing with the ardour of searaphic love, we shall participate with the heavenly choir in swelling the song of unceasing gratitude, adoration, and praise to the eternal Fountain and Author of all happiness. At the same time, while absorbed in this delightful employment, we shall insensibly grow into a resemblance of the Deity—We shall see God, and we shall be like Him. And can greater happiness be conceived, than to be like Him who is the inexhaustible source of felicity and perfection ?

Besides, in the presence of God (he continued) there is not only fulness of joy, but pleasures for evermore. Indeed, without the addition of an *eternal* duration, the sum of the heavenly felicity must be deficient.

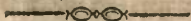
It must strike a damp on the joys of the blessed, to think a time, however remote, was fixed for the period of them. And the more exalted their happiness were, this thought would give proportionable pain.

Divine wisdom, therefore, hath so ordained—that while the false and empty delights of this world are temporary and transient, the truer and more substantial pleasures of the other should be permanent, as they are excellent—and that heaven should not only be an exceeding but an *eternal* weight of glory—to possess the mind with a full and complete felicity.

Again, how was I shocked with horror when the same

same preacher reversed the picture, and proceeded to describe the torments of the damned ! “ Their misery,” he observed, “ will principally consist in an exclusion from the blissful presence of God. They shall have a *distant* sight, indeed, of the heavenly world, but it will be a sight in the same situation the rich man in the Gospel saw Paradise—with an impassible gulph between ! A sight that must serve only to inflame their self-condemnation, their disappointment, and despair !

“ Their misery will further consist (he added) in a remorse of conscience ; arising from reflections on their past lives—their base ingratitude to God—their obstinate folly, and perverseness—intimated by the scripture expression of the worm that never dieth. A worm that will prey upon their minds, with an infinitely keener anguish, than a worm preys on our mortal flesh. Instead of the pleasures resulting from extended knowledge, from the endearing enjoyments of the purest love, the tenderest friendships, and the sublime raptures of praise and adoration which ever agitate the bosoms of the blessed ; the accursed shall know more, only to be more miserable ; and by the exercise of the most diabolical passions, of envy, hatred, malice, and revenge, shall only strive more and more to aggravate each other's torment. This, added to that blackness of darkness, or the flames of that fire that shall never be quenched, to which they are doomed—must constitute a misery sufficiently dreadful. A misery, however, still imbittered by the ingredient—its eternal duration. *Eternal!* how must this thought sharpen the edge of the sufferings, and heap up the measure of infernal woe !



HUMANITY AND BENEVOLENCE;

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

YOUTH is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities.

Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of "doing in all things to others according as you wish that they should do unto you." For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man.

Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distressed of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.



NERVOUS

NERVOUS COMPLAINTS THE EFFECTS OF LUXURY.

Luxurious indolence generates diseases.

IT is reasonable to suppose that the mind is similar to the body, and influenced according as we exercise it; thus exertion of the body will give it strength, and exercising our judgment and memory will add to our stock of ideas, and form a pleasure not to be tasted by an ignorant barbarian.

Nervous complaints are more frequent in what we call civilized countries, and where luxuries are introduced, than in those where the superfluities of life are not so abundant, and in every country more among the *rich* than the lower classes of people; for where the principal care of a man's life consists in finding means to support himself and his family, he is always engaged in a pleasing attention, and there is but little time for the introduction of any other care on his mind than his daily employ; which, if laborious, ensures him health, and makes the bed of repose on which he rests his fatigued limbs, one of the principal comforts of his life*; if there happens to be a day on which he refrains from his usual exertions, he enjoys the pleasures of satiety; and even a little idleness, as being a novelty, pleases him.

Let us consider another character, a man who enjoys an ample fortune: He may be supposed to make himself happy with the idea that there are a number of mechanics and servants who are ready, for pay, to provide any object or pleasure which his fancy

* The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.

ECCLESIASTES, v. 12.

fancy may dictate ; so far from merely satisfying those desires which Nature intended he should possess for the purpose of maintaining life and propagating his species, he is pleased with any invention which can give a poignancy to his daily food ; and studies every means to gratify his lust, and give a double relish to every kind of enjoyment, till at length his mind can only be charmed by every species of luxury ; his senses and appetites being repeatedly abused by too frequent a repetition of what can give them pleasure, become in some measure callous, and at certain times lose their capability of receiving satisfaction.

The rich man finds himself listless, and complaint of lowness of spirits, which complaint is generally termed nervous. In such cases the bottle is frequently had recourse to, which intoxicates the mind and gives a *temporary* flow of spirits ; a subsequent lowness is the consequence, which renders necessary a repetition of the intoxicating draught ; and thus a habit of drinking is established, which brings on many nervous and chronic diseases, and eventually destroys the best constitutions.



APPROVED MAXIMS.

WORTHY REMEMBRANCE AND REGARD.

HYPOCRICY is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his *own* eyes.

Self-partiality hides from us those very faults in ourselves, which we see and blame in others.

The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Men generally put a greater value on the favours they bestow, than on those they receive. He

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

Examine well the counsels that favours your desires.

The pomp which distinguishes the great man from the mob, defends him not from a fever nor from grief.

The smallest prick of a nail, the slightest passion of the soul, is capable of rendering insipid the monarchy of the world.

Narrowminds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Those who are the most faulty, are the most prone to find faults in others.

To be angry is to punish myself for the fault of another.

The most profitable revenge, the most rational, and the most pleasant, is to make it the interest of the injurious person not to hurt you a second time.

Be moderate in your pleasures, that your relish for them may continue.

Solicitude in hiding failings makes them appear the greater. It is a safer and easier course frankly to acknowledge them. A man owns that he is ignorant: We admire his modesty. He says he is old: We scarce think him so. He declares himself poor: We do not believe it.

To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it. Men commonly take great pains to put off the little stock they have; but they take little pains to acquire more.

If you would teach secrecy to others, begin with yourself. How can you expect another will keep your secret, when you yourself cannot? To

To deal with a man you must know his temper, by which you can lead him ; or his ends, by which you can persuade him ; or his friends, by whom you can govern him.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth ; the next, good sense ; the third, good humour ; the last, wit.

To be an Englishman in London, a Frenchman in Paris, a Spaniard in Madrid, is no easy matter ; and yet it is necessary.

He who cannot bear a jest ought never to make one.

RURAL FELICITY.

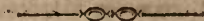
A FRAGMENT.

Sweet are the pleasures of a rural life.

MANY are the silent and unenvied pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his rustic labour. Look into his dwelling, where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies : He has the same domestic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and gladden his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station ; and I make no doubt but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters, that the upshot would prove to be little more than this ; that the rich man had the more meat, but the poor man the better stomach ; the one had more luxury, more able physicians to attend and set him to rights ; the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help ; that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced, in all other things they stood upon a level ; that the
fun

sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh, and the earth breaths as fragrant upon the one as the other ; and that they have an *equal* share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

A bed of flow'rs, a grove, a level plain,
 A rising hill, a field of golden grain ;
 A lowly cottage more true pleasure brings,
 Than pomp can furnish in the courts of kings.
 It needs no toil to find the way to bliss ;
 Who makes *content* his guide, can never miss :
 No lofty walls this heav'nly flower embrace,
 All wild it grows, and blooms in every place.



THE SELF-TORMENTOR ;

A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

A YOUNG fellow, who stands in the relationship of cousin-german to me, is what may justly be termed a constitutional self-tormentor. For he was so even from his infancy. When a school-boy, whatever was in another's possession he always considered better than his own. His top never spun so well, nor his marbles rolled so dexterously, as those of his companions. His task was always harder than any body else's, and his repetition of it listened to with prejudiced ears by our master.

On entering into life, this strange humour increased upon him. He conceived every dinner he was not a partaker of, much more excellent than the one in which he participated. Every taylor, if he changed a dozen times a month, was smarter than those he employed : and every estate he heard of, happier

D

situated

situated and better improved than his own, though the rents were much inferior to what he was in the receipt of.

He attached himself to a fine accomplished girl, but soon found out that her sister was much more charming. This sister had a young friend, who had as much the advantage of her, and that friend a relation that surpassed them all. His strange humour soon marked him for an object of contempt; and however, out of respect to his family, he is to this day received in some few houses; he is tolerated but not *approved*; and pitied but not *honoured*; notwithstanding his *birth, education, and large estate*.



MATRIMONIAL INFIDELITY ACCOUNTED FOR.

AN ESSAY.

LORD A. marries Miss B. because she has a good fortune, and she weds his lordship for a *title*. The honey-moon past, separate beds take place; they seldom meet but at meals, and then scarce recollect the ceremony was ever said; and if they do, it is only to upbraid one another upon the authority of being man and wife. This disagreeable *tete-a-tete* being over, he flies to the arms of his mistress, to find that consolation his wife could not afford him; and, probably, by way of *lex talionis*, she goes to meet her *Circijbec*. If her ladyship's fortune is nearly exhausted, and his lordship has another rich heiress in view, he may probably sue for *crim. con.* to obtain a divorce. If not, he winks at her infidelity, and is very well pleased to think, he has a *locum tenens* to take all matrimonial drudgery off his hands; and thus by a
kind

kind of tacit compact, they may continue in a state of adultery for some years, without ever upbraiding each other upon this score.

Again, Lord C. marries Lady D. on the score of family alliance and connexion. Lord C. a perfect emaciated macaroni, Lady D. a woman of spirit, vigor, and passions, finds herself deceived in her husband, and that she might as well have married one of Rackstrow's dolls. Thus disappointed, in the very prime of life, when the pulse beats high, and the blood circulates with juvenile warmth through every vein; may we not suppose that opportunity and importunity, in a man worthy of her embraces, may seduce her from the rigid path of virtue, and make her yield to a flame, kindled by nature and fanned by inclination*? The lady cannot, it is true, be vindicated, according to the nice rules of chastity and honour; but I think her *nominal* husband can have but little reason to complain; especially, if we find him nightly wallowing in the stews of corruption, in the arms of profligate harlots, to gratify an imaginary passion, which his whims and caprices, suited to the place, can only awaken.

Once more. The Duke of E. weds a most amiable woman, on whom he thinks he has fixed his affections, and she entertains the highest esteem for him. For some time they live in a state of connubial felicity, and when he might say with the poet,

Whilst in the circle of her arms I lay,
Whole summers suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, I days for moments told;
And was surpris'd to find that I grew old.

So

* *Youth and Age, or December and May, will ever be a contrast, particularly in the marriage state, which, upon rational principles, can never be happily reconciled.*

So far a succession of happy months have rolled ; but now, whether from satiety, or natural propensity, his favourite amusements preponderate against domestic felicity. Horses, hounds, and the turf, have more charms than the animated Venus de Medicis. Days, weeks, nay *months* elapse, whilst the fair Miranda is forgotten for a fox-chace, or sweepstakes. These gloomy intervals she must fill up with cards, routs, and coquetry—fatal rocks, which too many thoughtless females have split upon.

Absence and neglect on the one hand, assiduities and pursuit on the other, will probably create a rival, and suppress all those virtuous scruples, from a breast that never meant to deviate from honour.—But as she has a potent rival in Chloe, or Cleopatra (on account of their fleetness) so his Grace finds one in Capt. Fairface, and at his return discovers as much coolness in her Grace, as she experienced in him, during a *six* weeks absence.

If such causes as these do not in some measure palliate the crime of female infidelity, they at least account for it. And I am so far convinced of the natural good disposition of my fair countrywomen, that I will venture to pronounce, not one in a hundred, I might say in a thousand, would go astray, if it was not for the unkind behaviour of their husbands. Let these strive to merit the affections of their wives, and there will (I doubt not) be few, if any, complaints of matrimonial infidelities.



THE HYPOCRITE;

A

PICTURE TAKEN FROM LIFE

Beware of Hypocrites.

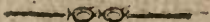
HE who appears a saint, that he may with greater safety act as a devil, is, in my opinion, the worst of sinners. There can be no excuse for him; he cannot even say with the generality of offenders, I erred through ignorance, for I knew not what I did.

I once knew a man who would frequently disburse considerable sums of money in building churches, and other public acts of charity, where fame might be acquired; and yet, if merit in distress privately sued to him for relief, he was always so necessitated, he had not wherewithal to help them.

I knew another who starved his family, denied them common necessities of life, and preached up mortification for the good of their souls; yet would he himself partake of every thing voluptuous, at other men's cost.

His never-ending harangue was that of abusing mankind openly; lashing their vices, or follies, in the most ill-natured, gross, foul-mouthed, and ungenerous manner; yet would he fawn, cringe, flatter, and meanly sue for favours from those above him.

Here was ostentation, pride, self-esteem, luxury, avarice, impudence, deceit, and the highest degree of ill-nature, all cloaked under the sanctified pretence of true piety.



THE

FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities ; *riches, ease, tranquility, fame, integrity, knowledge, &c.*

Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject, but stand to your own judgment ; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.

Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally ensure success. Would you, for instance, be rich ? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to ? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, and of a free unsuspicious temper.

“ But I cannot submit to drudgery like this, I feel a spirit above it.” It is well ; be above it then ; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of great price ? That too, may be purchased by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be learned.

You are a modest man, you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement,
with.

with the esteem of a few intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit and disposition ; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.



PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION

OF THE

VALE OF KESWICK, IN CUMBERLAND.

INSTEAD of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular ; but the hills are both little and unanimated ; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morasses, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a *thousand* feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot has never yet approached.

On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests ; a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence. While on

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all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise around, piercing the very clouds, in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the rocks of Dovedale.

To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories. In other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and cultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distances, mountain-rising over mountain; among which, new prospects present themselves in a mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity.

The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce, is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tincts in the vallies being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and cornfields. These are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow-streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains.

Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty: islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface.

I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment

ishment presents itself ; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet ; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it ; for the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen : and, rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groupes of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains.

Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more—which is, that a walk by still moon-light (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.



RESIGNATION TO PROVIDENCE RECOMMENDED,

AS THE DUTY OF ALL.

THE darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us ; some graze against us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity : the winter brings cold, and we must freeze ; the summer returns with heat, and we must melt : the inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts. And if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire.

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This established course of things it is not in our power to change ; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men ; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations.

Let us submit ourselves to this order ; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen, *ought* to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature. The best resolution we can take is, to suffer with patience what we cannot alter ; and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us. For it is not enough to follow ; and he is but a bad soldier who fights, and marches on with reluctance. We must receive our orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to sink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part.

Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses :

Parent of nature ! Master of the world !

Where'er thy providence directs, behold

My steps with cheerful resignation turn.

Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on ;

Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear ?

Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share ?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, or censure, the dispensations of Providence ; and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.



THE
INDIAN AND BRITISH OFFICER:

A TRUE STORY.

DURING the last war in America, a company of the Delaware Indians attacked a small detachment of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the fugitives escaped; and those who fell into the enemy's hands, were treated with a cruelty of which there are not many examples even in the country.

Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury; as they were armed with a kind of battle-ax, which they call a tomahawk, he had no hope of escape, and thought only of selling his life as dearly as he could; but just at this crisis another Indian came up, who seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces—they retired with respect.

The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses; and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honour to his professions. He made him less a slave than a *companion*, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most cordial amity; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for
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some minutes, with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time the spring returned ; and the Indians having recourse to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues, across the forest, and came at length to a plain where the British forces were encamped. The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance, at the same time remarked his countenance with the most diligent attention. " There," says he, " are your countrymen ; there is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember, that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to construct a canoe, and to arm thyself with a bow and arrows ; to surprise the beaver in the forest, to wield the tomahawk, and to scalp the enemy. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut ? Thy hands were those of an infant ; they were fit neither to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness : thou wast ignorant of every thing ; and thou owedst all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us ?"

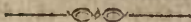
The officer replied, " That he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent : then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief, " Hast thou a father ?"—" My father," said the young man, " was alive when I left my country."—" Alas," said the Indian, " how wretched must he be !" He paused a moment, and then added, " Dost thou know that I have been a father ? I am a father no more. I saw my son fall in battle ; he fought at my side ; I saw him expire ! but he died like a man.

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He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet ; but I have revenged him !”

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence ; his body shook with an universal tremor ; and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye ; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising, “Dost thou see,” said he to the young officer, “the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day ? and hast thou pleasure in the sight ?”—“Yes,” replied the young officer, “I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky.”—“I have none,” said the Indian ! and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after he showed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. “Dost thou see that beautiful tree ?” says he ; “and dost thou look upon it with pleasure ?”—“Yes,” replied the officer, “I do look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree.”—“I have pleasure in looking upon it no more,” said the Indian hastily ; and immediately added, “Go, return to thy countrymen, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring.”



ON

DISSIMULATION AND SINCERITY:

A FRAGMENT.

DISSIMULATION in youth is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with

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God

God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth.

In all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Sincerity and candour possess the most powerful charms ; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path ; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze.



ON ORATORY ;

OR,

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

A FRAGMENT.

IT is certain that proper gestures and exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters ; and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest arguments he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them ; at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others.

We are told, that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by the vehemence of action with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, If they
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were so much affected by the bare *reading* of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence ?



THE RURAL PROSPECT :

A SOLILOQUY.

Reflective minds are pleas'd with rural scenes.

WHAT a delightful prospect does this lofty rock afford one who admires the simplicity and magnificence of nature !

What freshness in the air ! Every breeze is embalmed ! What fragrance in the herbs ! They are springing around me ; they vegetate the very rock, and cover its summit and sides with verdure. The day-break begins to dissipate the shades of night ; but the dawning light comes on so gently, that the vapours are imperceptably dispelled. The dark veil which lately hung upon the brow of the hill, is removed for a mantle perfectly transparent. Already one half of the heavens is illuminated. The birth of a new morning is announced by the voice of animated nature.

The rising zephyr rustles among the leaves. From the neighbouring cottages ascend the wreaths of smoke. The planet Venus, alone, disputes for a while the empire of the morning ; but, after the contest of a few minutes, she retires vanquished, and leaves the triumph of Aurora complete. And now her triumph is indeed rapid. Ah ! too lively an emblem of human happiness. Nothing so brilliant while it is advancing ; nor any thing so short as its continuance.

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The tender colours of the morn presently give place to the more animated fire and hues of noon ! The radiant soverign of day seems vertically to dart his glories into the very bowels of the earth.

Thus seated upon a jutting of the rock, I am more delighted than in viewing the best ordered suite of rooms in the world. Methinks I could voluntarily yield up the residue of life, to this moral solitude.

The panting animals seek the shade ; the birds make to themselves curtains and bowers of the verdent branches ; They all pass in repose and covert, those hours when their food is robbed of its dewy freshness ; but the kindly drops of evening shall restore its relish.

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The sun is preparing to set ; the freshing zephyrs of the closing day attend him ; a light more soft and delicate descends from the tops of the trees and gilds their mossy trunks. I breathe the charming odours, which come wafted to me by the balmy zephyrs. All is sweetness and serenity. It seems as if Flora came to this very spot, to braid her beautiful tresses, to bathe in the stream that surrounds me, and expand the fragrance which enriches them. Philosophy, reason, and innocence, are here met together : Ah ; that I could forever reside on this charming rock, where every object endeavours to fix me.

Far from the busy, crowded, lov'd resort

Of wealth and pomp, and pleasure's frolic band,

Let me retire no greater joys I court

Than such as flow from Nature's bounteous hand.



CONTEMPLATIONS BY MOONLIGHT.

Retire, the world shut out; thy thoughts call home.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I WAS a few evenings since indulging in a contemplation by moonlight. The beauty of the firmament, and the balminess of the air, together with the many objects which were set off with a sort of shaded silver, all conspired to fill the mind with a series of moral considerations on the immense wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, who hath in his division of time, so admirably disposed the opposite periods of light and darkness; as it would be impossible to take that repose which is requisite to the renovation of nature, while the beams of the sun and the bustle of the world obtruded; and not less inconvenient, to pursue our common business or pleasures, under the zenith of meridian obscurity.

No sooner has the day shut in, than every thing seems to invite us to share the universal pause of nature. Creation appears to feel the influence of sleep, and surrounding silence soothes the passions into a calm while lassitude prepares us for slumber. It might convince the sceptic, were he to reflect on the stupendous works of the Author of night, and of his great tenderness and vigilance over us and the weary world in this solemn scene. While the senses of man are lapt in the sweets of repose, and every head reclining on its pillow, he still guides the spheres in their motion, and regulates the planets in their annual rotations.

His dews fall silent and salutary on the verdent earth, freshen the herb, and suckle the flower, to gladden the waking morn. He extends his guardian eye over the habitable globe, and, without disturbing his creatures, conducts the moon through her circuit; and having drawn shade above shade till all is enveloped in

a midnight gloom, he gradually withdraws the veil, and watches the progress of the rosy dawn. Then having unshadowed the last appearance of night, he delights the world with revisited light, and paints all his benevolence in the eye of the morning; till all his blessings are again presented full and ardent by the glories of his risen sun.

There is not, I think, any time wherein a good man can so happily gratify his favourite reflections as midnight; when, conscious, warm, and inspired, he beholds the hemisphere a blaze of worlds, and considers that his fellow-creatures are reviving their spirits under the influence of sleep, and during that sleep, under the immediate guardianship of God, whose invisible attendance he considers as protecting every absorbed sense and closed eye. His mind enlarges and dilates as it revolves these mercies, till, elevating itself to a pitch of a more sublime and lofty nature, he soars into heaven itself; and becomes so far abstracted in the mighty idea, that, grasping all that is stupendous and amazing, he falls into a trance of astonishment, and loses every faculty of sense in incomprehension; till, recovering he finds new objects demanding his veneration, and fresh instances of eternal benevolence, rectitude, and divinity.

The night is also the hour of sacred contemplation. The lustre of the stars, the stillness of the air, the silence of the scene, and the awfulness of the season, all conspire to heighten our ideas, and overwhelm the heart in a flood of meditations, drawn from those inexhaustible sources of praise and adoration.

It is in these sober retirements, when we give ourselves up to the wonders of God and nature, that we are best able to begin the task of reformation, or pursue the business of unostentatious prayer. Then no intemperate intrusions allure us, no insinuating temptations entice, nor any unruly passions disturb or ruffle

ruffle the bosom, which is then most easily opened to admit sincerity, contrition, penitence, and wisdom.



THE SPRING OF TRUE FELICITY

IN

EVERY PERIOD OF LIFE.

AN INTERESTING ESSAY.

The wish of all, but truly known by few.

IN respect of happiness and felicity, none evince a greater contrariety of sentiment concerning them, than those who are just entering into life, and those who are about to leave it. There are, indeed, few things in which the opinions of youth and age agree; and from such dissimilarity, of course, arises the general disaffection between them. Each, perhaps, follows his favourite pursuit with too much eagerness. In age, the ultimatum is *gain*, if not avarice; in youth, it is liberality, if not *profusion*. An old man grows tenacious of every thing; and, when the least capable of enjoyment, augments his wishes in proportion to the decrease of his necessities.

He finds satisfaction in the most trifling possessions, not because they are useful, but because they are so much added to the heap. His organs are dim, his appetite fanciful. Unequal to toil, and difficult of utterance, yet he recounts with unwearied exactness his boyish frolics, and the achievements of his manhood. Fond remembrance, proud recollection, and the tale of all he recollects and all he remembers, constitute his chief pleasures; nor can we give an higher pleasure to him whom time has made venerable,

venerable, than by directing the conversation into a channel which may afford him opportunity to relate the wonders of his youth, and listen while he rehear-
ses the miracles of his life.

Youth, on the contrary, neglecting the past, and full of ardent spirit, presses on to the future, animated by hope, and urged forwards by curiosity. The young man derives no consolation from what is gone before, but depends on the present and future. He is impatient for action. His soul is all vivacity, and his body all vigour. He pants with expectation, and begins his career with intrepidity and perseverance. He is neither deterred by danger, nor depressed by disappointment. Strength of constitution, redundancy of spirits, natural to that period of life, and a powerful desire of distinctions, with a love of novelty, enable him to encounter difficulties, and spurn at hazard.

To trace this contrast somewhat farther. In a short time the stripling, in the progress of life sees fit objects to engage and excite every passion; and every passion has by turns its dominion over him, its portion of pain and pleasure, or of that mixture which tinges both. The tenderness of *love*, being the strongest, is commonly the first impression. The youthful adventurer resigns his heart and its affections to beauty and to virtue; and now his chief aim is to evince his courage, his honour, and his talents, because these best recommend him to the softer sex. A pure love is the best encourager, and not seldom the best friend, of virtue.

The thirst of public glory and applause now gives way to domestic cares: A tender partner and a rising offspring inspire the most serious care, and pleasure is connected with solicitude. To the vigilance and assiduity of the husband and the parent, succeed, gradually, the love of ease, and a wish to retire from
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the obtrusions of the world. The declining man now sighs for some retreat which may repel the attacks of farther disappointment, anxiety, and vexation. Solitude becomes in his eye as enchanting, at present, as society was before. Security from interruption, a warm fire, and an elbow-chair, prove now more agreeable to the veteran, than all the enchantments of folly, praise, and frolic ; and even the love of narration loses its power.

Memory is now the only purveyor of his entertainment ; and to her he refers himself for silent remembrance of the past. At length his views narrow to a point, and the delights of youth are totally subverted ; and presently, he who in the morning of existence delighted chiefly in the happiness of others, will, in the gloom of its night, find a stronger propensity to afford comfort only to himself ; and when the sun of human life is set, the awful hour will approach, when the passing-bell shall feelingly declare, that the veteran has finished his earthly course, and the places that lately knew him, know him no more.

Happiness is a plant of celestial extraction, set by the hand of God in the centre of this world, which branches thence by millions of ramifications over every part of it. Its blossom and fruit may be, and are in a degree, enjoyed by every one who has either the skill, the discretion, or the industry, to cultivate it. In short, it grows by nature in every mind, and will flourish long therein, if not choaked by the weeds of impiety, folly, and perverseness.

Human happiness consists in the silent, sacred applause of a good conscience, and, however variously it is pursued, is attainable only by the practice of virtue, a decency of manners, and dignity of conduct.

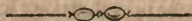
From the moment the eye opens on the light, to that in which death draws over its vision an eternal curtain, our main, and indeed only end, is felicity.

ty. To be happy, every passion, sense, perception, and faculty, every corporeal and moral power, is roused to its highest pitch of activity and exertion. Yet it is amazing to remark, how the same beings, in the same pursuit, should vary in their chase.

Every man has in object of bliss congenial to his disposition ; an enjoyment characteristic of his mind and which is seldom or never the favourite pleasure of any other.

Happiness, like wit, may be divided into two parts ; that which is *real*, and that which is *fantastical* ; or, like gold, into the sterling and the base. Much of what the world honours with the appellation of Felicity, is the chimera of an heated imagination ; and still more is the painting of popular folly. Under these heads we may arrange the pride of ancestry, the farce of splendour, the bubble of applause, the waste of magnificence, the apparatus of station, and the insolence of birth. These proceed from a mistake in the means, and are disappointed of the end.

Mankind would be less unhappy, would they constantly remember, that they are only beings of a world which like themselves, is in continual decay ; and that every state must inevitably feel more or less the tax levied on it by frail mortality.



EMILIUS AND CLARA ; OR, THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each a dearer self.

THOMSON.

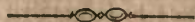
EVERY day, after work Emilius congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin Clara, in whom he felt, at every return,

turn, new attractions. Seated at her side over their frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues ; he forgot that he had been labouring ever since the sun got up, even to his going down : or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed their repose : "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and their children, were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children always augmented their felicity. They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness, and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilius and Clara, to interpret their wills ! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastimes !

Ah ! how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather ! The son, one day, was curious to know the reason of this : "And why, papa (said he), is not your hand as soft as mine ? Why is it so hard, papa ?"—"In making bread for you and your mother," replied Emilius, with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is, you see, almost worn out in the service."—"Oh, oh ! (cried the child,) is that the case ? Well, then, by the time it has made us a little more bread, mine will grow stout enough to make bread too ;

too ; and then we shall see, papa, whose will be hardest." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father : Emilius blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.



EXTRAVAGANCE AND GENEROSITY CONTRASTED.

Spare to spend, and spend to spare.

EXTRAVAGANCE is not less destructive of a man's happiness than avarice ; and if it be less hateful to the world in general, it is more pernicious to private families and intimate connexions. It keeps a man always needy, always in want ; it goes beyond this, and compels the naturally generous and honest heart to be guilty of the meanest peculation. Thus extravagance and flashes of generosity, are not at all incompatible qualities in the same breast with the most rapacious avarice. Indeed I never knew a prodigal who was not in some instances guilty of meanness. If you would look for the *true* generosity, you will probably find it among those, who let not vanity or the love of pleasure keep them in perpetual necessity.

However paradoxical it might seem, if we should say that a man with forty pounds a year is rich, and at the same time call one with twice as many thousands poor, yet this is certainly very often the case ; for whatever a man's income be, if he is satisfied therewith, and can limit his expenses within its bounds, he is undoubtedly in happy circumstances. While he who avariciously pines for more, or whose extravagant expenses stretch beyond what he has means to supply, however great his estate, is ever in poverty, or may justly fear it.

Whatever

Whatever they may possess, people, in reality, with regard to pecuniary circumstances, may be divided into *three* classes ; those in a thriving condition, whose annual income yields a saving beyond their usual expense ; those who, perhaps with some difficulty, keep upon a balance ; and those who run into greater expense than they have means to support, without a decay of fortune.

REFLECTIONS

ON

AMUSEMENTS AND DIVERSIONS.

Amusement's the word.

THE human mind naturally shudders at the idea of dissolution, and would be unable to support itself under this gloomy reflection, did not the prospect of a future state of happiness, beget that fortitude which enables us to entertain the thought with magnanimity. The soul triumphs in the belief of a glorious immortality ; and looks down upon this present transient life, as the vestibule to a more permanent and durable existence. If then we have a better and more solid foundation for our expectations than what mortality affords us, the present enjoyments of life will be less regarded, than the more substantial ones to be inherited in the world to come.

An attentive survey of the nature of man will discover an eager propensity in him to pleasure, diversion, and novelty ; he is delighted with a variety of amusements, and a diversity of scenes. Hence the many different places of entertainment, devoted to the gratification of this fluctuating desire.

The human frame is composed of different ingredients, intermixed with the solid and the gay, the serious and the trifling ; and therefore to apply our-

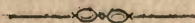
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selves

ſelves too cloſely to the obſervation of ſerious objects, without relaxing our minds on neceſſary occaſions from buſineſs and ſtudy, would be attended with great prejudice. For as too much labour diſorders and enervates the whole frame, ſo too intense an application of the mind to ſtudious exerciſes, weakens its native energy, and creates a kind of ſtupefaction in our intellectual ſtructure.

It is reported of the great Ageſilaus, that he frequently amused himſelf with his children, by joining in their puerile ſports : Nor was he aſhamed, when ſurprized riding on a ſtick round his own hall. Very different is the man whoſe days are ſpent in continual ſolitude, who is perpetually employed in ſtudious reſearches, and in indulging the moſt gloomy and melancholy reflections ; he looks down with a ſupercilious air on all preſent recreations and enjoyments, and judging of other men's actions from his own pedantic and narrow notions, condemns them as the reſult of the utmoſt folly and ſtupidity.

How miſerable is the condition of ſuch a mortal ! The moſt ſuperficial examination will convince us of the anguiſh and uneaſineſs in which he is continually involved, who by his indiſcreet behaviour embitters the very ſweets of life ; and renders that a curſe, which by a proper uſe and improvement might be a real bleſſing.



ON THE BENEFITS OF EXERCISE.

Exercise increaſeth ſtrength.

AS man is a compound of ſoul and body, he is under an obligation of a double ſcheme of duty ; and as labour and exerciſe conduce to the health of the body, ſo do ſtudy and contemplation to that of the mind ; for ſtudy ſtrengthens the mind, as exerciſe

cise does the body. The labour of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unbend the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils, and smooth the ruggedness of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind, as labour does the body. Life and happiness consist in action and employment. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can, or ought to be at rest. If they debar themselves from a nobler object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labour brings forth the sweetest profits. The end of labour is rest; what brightness is to rust, labour is to idleness; idleness is the rust of the mind, and the inlet to all misfortunes. Diligence is the mother of Virtue.

When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion, and promotes health, comeliness, and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of such exercise by a law; or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigour and personal charms.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE IN THE VARIETY OF THE SEASONS.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

IN contemplating on the various scenes of life, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the perfect regularity, order, and harmony of nature, we cannot but be filled with wonder

wonder and admiration, at the consummate wisdom, and beneficence of the all-wise and gracious Creator. His consummate wisdom, and goodness have made the various seasons of the year, perfectly consonant to the refined feelings of man, and peculiarly adapted them to the universal preservation of nature. Dreary winter is past ; its severe cold is mitigated ; the returning zephyrs dissolve the fleecy snow, unlock the frozen streams, which overflow the extensive meadows, and enrich the teeming earth.

At length, the rapid streams begin to glide gently within their banks ; the spacious meadows soon receive their usual verdure, and the whole face of nature assumes a cheerful aspect. By the refreshing showers and vivifying power of the genial sun, we behold the rapid and amazing progress of vegetation.

What is more pleasing to the eye, or grateful to the imagination, than the agreeable and delightful return of spring ? The beauties of nature at once expel the gloomy cares of dreary winter. The benign influences of the sun give a brisk circulation to the animal fluids, and happily tend to promote the propagation of animated nature. In the spring we behold the buds putting forth their blossoms ; in summer we meet with the charming prospect of enamelled fields, which promise a rich profusion of autumnal fruits.

These delightful scenes afford to man a pleasing anticipation of enjoying the bounties of providence, cheer him in adversity, and support him under the various misfortunes incident to human life. In the spring, when we behold plants and flowers peeping out of the ground, reviving, and flourishing at the approach of the vernal sun—when we behold the seed, which the laborious husbandman casts into the earth, starting into life, and rising into beauty, from the remainder of that which perished in the preceding autumn,

tumn, we are filled with the most pleasing sensations of the universal revivescence of Nature.

The warm and invigorating sun produces myriads of insects, which have been lifeless through the hoary frosts of winter. The herds now go forth to graze on the verdant plains. The innumerable flocks quit their folds, with their young, to feed on the distant mountains. The matin lark; with all the charming choir, whom kind Nature wakes to cheerfulness and love, tune their melodious voices to hail the welcome returning spring. The busy bee flies over the fields, and extracts the liquid sweets from every flower. How pleasing ! how wonderful ! are the scenes presented to our view !

The spring of the year seems strikingly emblematical of that grand and universal resurrection, which shall commence at the final consummation of all things ; may its beauties therefore raise our affections to those superior regions of bliss, into which the truly virtuous shall then enter, and for ever enjoy an unfading and eternal spring.



THE FOLLY OF AVARICE.

Man wants but little, nor that little long. DR. YOUNG.

IT is generally found, that he who inherits the fortune of a miser, has the passions of a prodigal ; and if one man collects as a reservoir, his successor plays off as a fountain. By which means, what was before hoarded up carefully, now takes unto itself wings, and flies away ; and as a squanderer is pretty expeditious in his expenses, that haste makes up for the lost time, and brings the balance of public good once more upon the equilibrium.

F. 2.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding these observations, we must allow neither to the spendthrift nor miser more merit than is their due. Out of much evil we may extract some good ; as honey may be extracted from poisons ; and this is the light in which these persons must be viewed. Let us forbear to enroll them, on the list of fame, amongst the more honourable or valuable orders of men.

The prince who ardently studies the welfare, the happiness, and felicity of his people ; the father who trains his family to piety and virtue ; the man of science who thinks and writes for the improvement of the human heart, and embellishment of the human understanding ; the merchant who increases our wealth, and advances our pleasure ; the artificer who presents us with an elegant and useful invention ; the private gentlemen who diffuses comfort through his neighbourhood ; and the woman whose examples extend the influence of goodness, whose integrity inspires confidence, and whose beauty animates to tenderness, are all respectable characters, and deserve universal regard.



ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

AN ESSAY.

'Tis education forms the youthful mind,
For as the bough is bent the tree's inclin'd.

IT has been the comparison of a celebrated author, that as marble taken out of the quarry shows none of its inherent beauties, till it has undergone the labour of the polisher ; so education, when it works upon an ingenuous mind, brings out to view every latent perfection, which without such helps are never able to
make.

make their appearance. And let me add to this observation, that if we take the trouble to look around us we shall find very few, to whom Nature has been such a niggard of her gifts, that they are not capable of shining in *one* sphere of science or another. Since then there is a certain bias towards knowledge, in almost every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper care; I think parents should consider, in the neglect of so essential a point, they do not commit a *private* injury only, as thereby they starve posterity, and defraud our country, of those persons who, under better management, might perhaps make an eminent figure in the world.

Indeed, that the difference to be perceived in the manners and abilities of men proceeds more from education, than from any imperfections or advantages derived from their original formation, is a matter so long agreed on by philosophers, that to advance any thing in favour of it in this place appears altogether unnecessary. I cannot help recollecting a story, related by Plutarch, of Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, which will serve to set the matter in a yet stronger light.

He took two whelps of the same litter, and ordered them to be bred in a quite different manner; a while after he took an occasion, in an assembly of the people, to discourse of what great advantage the customary practice of wholesome instructions and precepts was to the attainment of virtue; in the close of this harrangue, he told them, he would make an appeal to their senses, and let them see a demonstration of his words, by example. Upon this, the two whelps were ordered to be brought into the hall, and there was set down to them a dish of fragments, and a live hare. One of the dogs (as he had been bred) flies upon the hare, and the other as greedily runs to the fragments.

While

While the people were musing to find out the moral of this odd proceeding ; “ This,” says Lycurgus, “ is pursuant to what I before told you ; for, see, these whelps do as they were bred, and though they were both of the same litter, yet the diversity of breeding hath made the one a good hound, and the other a cur, good for nothing, but to lick pots or dishes.”

Let me add to this observation, and example, that *youth* is the proper and only season for education ; for if it be neglected then, it will be in vain to think of remedying the oversight in more advanced years* ; it will be too late to think of sowing it, when maturity has rendered the mind stubborn and inflexible ; and when, instead of receiving the seeds, it should be bringing forth the fruits of instruction.

But there is one point in the article of education, which is more essential than any of the rest ; I mean the great care that ought to be taken to form youth to the principles of religion. Vice, if we may believe the general complaint, grows so malignant now-a-days, that it is almost impossible to keep young people from the spreading contagion, if we venture them abroad, and trust to chance or inclination, for the choice of their company : it is therefore the reward of virtue‡, and a perfect sense of their duty to God†, which are the great and valuable things to be taught them. All other considerations and accomplishments should give way to these ; these are the solid and substantial good we should labour to implant and fasten in their tender minds, neither should we cease our endeavours

* Youth is the time to learn from, and age to teach by, *precept and example*.

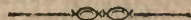
‡ Virtue is its own reward.

† The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

deavours so to do till they have attained a true relish of them, and placed their strength, their glory, and their pleasure in them.

Knowledge of the world is certainly of great importance to young people, and methods should be taken to give them an insight into the manners of mankind; lest, when they come to play their several parts amongst them, they should be at a loss how to act, and make a thousand blunders, which experience alone can put a stop to. But here I shall be told, that *experience* should be the grand instructor, it being impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the world by any other means than by a diffusive commerce with mankind.

The observation is certainly just; however, though precept cannot in this case absolutely supply the place of example ‡, it may be a very useful and requisite preparative: as studying the *map* of a country, is of great assistance to us when we come to make a journey through it.



REFLECTIONS ON THE VALUE OF TIME.

Time wasted is *existence*, us'd is *life* DR. YOUNG.

THERE is nothing in this life which we ought to set a greater value upon than time, and it becomes every one so to use, as to improve it. Many are desirous of putting off repentance to a future time, yet if they would but recollect how fleet the minutes are, they

‡ Good examples corroborate and establish good precepts.

they never would be so eager to defer it even another day; for so uncertain is the life of man, that he, who is to-day in perfect health, may, to-morrow, be oppressed with sickness, and in a few days, be conveyed to the silent grave.

Every young man should appropriate a portion of the day to his studies, and, at the same time, divest himself of every thought which is liable to distract his attention: for unless we do in our youth make a proper use of that time which we ought to dedicate to the improvement of our minds, we shall find, when we go out into the world, that we have laboured under sad defects and disadvantages. But if we are desirous to imitate the excellent examples which Newton, Homer, Demosthenes, and other great men afford us, we must apply ourselves to our studies with a fixed attention, since it is that alone which will enable us to arrive at the summit of knowledge.

Had either of these been distracted with trifling thoughts, the rays of genius thus diverging from their proper focus, had lost their efficacy, and procured little or no fame to names now so celebrated. The stories of Melancthon and Titus Vespasian, afford striking lectures on the value of time, the one of which was, that whenever he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the *minutes* to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense. The other was, if at any time a day had elapsed, in which he had done no good, he would exclaim, "My friends, I have lost a day."

As time, like money, may be lost by unseasonable profusion, it is the duty of every one to endeavour to imitate the example of these great men, that we all may properly esteem its value, and lament the loss of it, as a miser would that of his riches. The stage of life might be made a perpetual fountain of agreeable and useful entertainments, were we to regulate

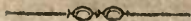
gulate it by a proper distribution of our time. There is nothing which unbends the mind more agreeably than the conversation of a well-chosen friend. It eases and unloads it, clears and improves the understanding, produces in us useful thoughts and knowledge ; and, in a word, finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

A gentleman that has a taste for *music, drawing, or painting*, acts wisely if he allots a portion of his time to one of those pleasing arts. The cultivation of plants and flowers, an agreeable amusement in a *country* life, may also be found useful, to those who are possessed of *that* taste. But of all the rational amusements of life, there is none more proper to fill up its vacant spaces, than *reading* some useful and entertaining authors*. Since, then, time cannot be recalled, it becomes every one to be solicitous for the improvement of every part of it ; and let us not hoard up a *shilling* with care, whilst that which is above the price of the greatest estate passes by unnoticed, and consequently unimproved.

There is a remarkable instance of parsimony of time in one of Pliny's Letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy : after several employments which he enumerates, sometimes, says he, I hunt ; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies ; and that if I miss of my game, I may at least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

* A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,

And mark them down for wisdom, THOMSON.



THE LAST DYING WORDS OF AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

Courage in Death.

ALL-bountiful Heaven! to whose protecting arm I owe my life in the imminent dangers of battle; and to whom I am indebted for the numerous blessings of it, amidst the menaces of avowed enemies, and the secret sappings of perfidious friends.—Thine too are the domestic joys which I have participated with the best of wives, now, alas! no more.—Just Heaven, why am I now torn from the two dear pledges of our mutual loves, my beloved daughters, at the very moment too, when I seemed to possess the means of providing for them, in a manner adequate to a parent's fondest wishes?

The ways of Heaven are often mysterious, but are always just and righteous; no doubts of its goodness can possibly cloud my departing moments.—Oh, save my children from all the evils to which innocence, beauty, and virtue, especially if they wear a *female* form, are exposed.—To my country too I intrust my beloved girls: for I have served my country when it needed my help. But, oh! my children! had I not the firmest assurance, that Heaven, and all good men, would be your friends, I should feel pangs worse than the agonies of death which now come fast upon me, to leave you thus unprotected and unprovided, to conflict with a wicked and seducing world.

But the greatest of Beings is the best of beings, and however severe the sufferings of the good and virtuous may be, assure yourselves of this, that a steady adherence in the path of virtuous rectitude will meet an ample reward.—

Though I have frequently met death in the field, he is too strong for me now.—Oh—oh—oh—”

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON REPENTANCE

IN THE

VIEWS OF DEATH.

 Better late than never.

WHOEVER is advancing toward the end of life, and throws his thoughts back to what he has seen, if not *experienced*, in his progress through it, will be convinced he leaves more evil than good behind him; and that even the good belonging to this life is so mixed with evil, that however it might beguile the *first* choice, it will hardly raise a wish for the repetition of it. When we reflect on our helpless painful state of infancy—the dangers and vices of our youth—the cares and anxieties of manhood—and the calamities of old age—who can, consistently, lament, that he is finishing a course, which, was it in his power, he feels no inclination to repeat?

Collect and weigh the enjoyments and the sufferings of life against each other, and ere the balance turns, recollect the very short space of time in which they are all transacted—how short and unremembered is our infancy—how youth has slipped by us whilst we were laughing—how manhood's work engages our attention, till old age surprises us unawares:—then shift the experiment, and weigh this speck of time against *eternity*—an eternity which God hath promised, and which it is in our own power, assisted by divine grace, to make an happy one.

Were there nothing beyond the grave—yet, after three or four score years fatigue in life, we might be well contented to lie down and rest; but when Christ has made the grave the gate of heaven, there is no part of our progress, in which reason and religion would not encourage us to exchange this life

for a better—did not earthly appetite make us relish this, and a sinful conscience make us afraid of exchanging it for a worse.

The certainty of death is a reason why we should prepare ourselves to meet it.—The truest wisdom consists in making provision for futurity, and the capacity of doing this, is what principally distinguishes man from the inferior parts of the creation.

Death does not put a period to our life; but, as it shuts this state upon us, so it opens another, into which we must make our entrance*. This heightens the lesson of making preparation for such a change. Was death to put a period to our being, interest might direct us to make the most of this life; but, as it is not merely the conclusion of this state, but the beginning of another, the same interest will direct us not to confine our reflections within a limit so much narrower than our being, but to make provision for a state to which we are assured we shall be called.

To be lost in dust, and for ever shut up in the chambers of the grave, had been a heavy reflection to that active principle within us, which by all its operations shows the divinity of its original, and that it is not so much a part, as a prisoner of the body. But when we consider, that death ere long shall set it at liberty, and that as soon as it has broke from its prison, it shall wing its way to those happy regions for which it was intended—this makes us bear our present state with patience, and expect the last moments of this life, as the first moments of our happiness.

The conditions on which we are to recover the happiness of the next state, are such as may make
• every

* *Mors janua vitæ.*

every real Christian easy in his expectations of it. They are not conditions of an absolute *unblemished* obedience, but an obedience where true repentance has covered the stains which careless folly may have made. Let us but search our hearts with impartiality—the best among us will find repentance necessary, and who can say the worst will find it useless? Christ has declared the purpose of his mercy, to accept repentant sinners; nor can we presume to set bounds to that mercy, and say, “hitherto it shall go, and no farther.”

That men may be hardened in sin beyond the power of repenting, is but too true: but that there is a time, on this side the grave, when sincere repentance shall find no mercy is more than we have a right to say. The repentance of any sinner, Christ sees, and Christ will judge; and if he sees it attended with that sincerity which he has required, it is allowable to hope he will accept it. There are many instances of repentance where God only knows whether it be *sincere*; in such instances, we cannot pronounce positively that it will take place because we cannot know whether it be sincere; but for the very same reason we ought not to pronounce that it will have no effect. Take an unhappy sinner upon his death-bed, with all the outward expressions of repentance about him—what shall we say? Shall we tell him his repentance will be of no service to him, and so add to his anguish, as well as discourage him from performing a necessary duty? No; leave this to God, who searches the heart of man, and may often see the sincerity of repentance when we cannot; and where there is sincerity there will be mercy.



CONTENTMENT IN PROSPERITY.

AN ESSAY.

O be content where heaven can give no more.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THERE are very few questions which have more puzzled philosophers, than one in particular relating to the regimen of ourselves in prosperity and adversity. The contest was never finally determined, whether it was the greater bravery to moderate ourselves in plenty, or to bear up with constancy under the pressures of want. The dispute, I think, is not very material ; but the necessity of contentment appears manifestly from both sides, in order to enjoy any felicity in either condition.

Murmuring and complaint generally proceed from the difference of men's situations in life. The fordid are apprehensive they shall never have enough ; and the profuse want more to animate their extravagance. They who have but small fortunes cannot relish the scantiness of moderation ; grandeur and gaiety do not always sit easy on the wealthy ; and the necessitous are dissatisfied that they are exposed to the severity of indigence.

A strange variety of passions thus daily distract the human mind, and for want of knowing how to be easy, too many make themselves miserable. But all these repinings are in reality criminal : man is properly his own tormentor ; he disquiets himself in vain, and by neglecting the observation of one easy virtue, he never tastes the fruit of genuine contentment.—To regulate our desires, and limit our pleasures, is what I mean by contentment in a plentiful

tiful condition—a state which requires great circumspection to keep the passions from running into excess!

Prosperity is a trying and dangerous state, in which, as we exercise our judgment, we shall display either the greatest folly, or the most exemplary wisdom. Good fortune is apt to delude us with its smiles, and strangle us in its embraces. It unbends the mind, and slackens the powers of it; and, by a fraudulent gratification of sense, it insensibly steals away the use of our reason. Many have stood inflexible under the shock of poverty, who have afterwards fallen a sacrifice to a plentiful fortune.

Temptations to a fatal security are too prevalent, when the mind is lulled into carelessness and neglect. We apprehend no difficulty, because we feel none; and we promise ourselves safety, because a treacherous confidence blinds us to our danger.

But when fortune smiles, let us rouse up our circumspection. Our passions then require a tight rein, lest our actions should hurry us into insolence and presumption. Confidence in our possessions is too apt to obliterate the remembrance of duty, and too great an opinion of our own merit, sometimes creates a forgetfulness of our dependance on God.

The desires, it is plain, have a tendency to violence; and an easy affluence, instead of satisfying, pushes them on to further gratifications. When the heart is thus enlarged, and the spirits too volatile, we are naturally inclined to embark in new undertakings: we are insensible of any difficulties which should stop us in our career, and, for want of proper restraint, our desires hurry us into extravagance, which seldom ends in any thing but ruin.

Thus fallen from the summit of grandeur, we shall become the objects of scorn and contempt.

Whilst our fields stood thick with corn, and our garners abounded with all manners of stores, the sycophants were ready to attend our tables, din our ears with compliment, and try to persuade us that we were more than men: but no sooner is the scene changed, and a sad alteration appears in our circumstances, than these infamous animals all vanish, and (like vermin which fly from a tottering house) forsake and abandon us in our misfortunes.

The virtue of contentment, in the midst of prosperity, seems in this point very necessary, as it tends to preserve a good fortune in hand, and to prevent a shame which must be grating on the loss of it. A strict vigilance would keep passion within due bounds. Our fall from an elevated station might be prevented by an evenness of temper, and a proper circumspection; but for want of it our misfortune will be reflected on with remorse, and the invidious will rejoice, and persecute us with severity. In short, let us embrace contentment, as a most amiable virtue, and restrain our passions, as most conducive to our temporal as well as eternal welfare. Then we shall relish our enjoyments without surfeiting, and have a true taste of the delights of life, without neglecting the duties of christianity.



THE REFORMED RAKE*.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

LORD AIMWELL was born with a great share of good sense, which he improved by an application to study; and being possessed of a very happy constitution

* That a reformed rake may make a good husband, the following story proves beyond-denial; but ladies should not easily be persuaded to make trial of it, as it doubtless is very hazardous.

constitution and an agreeable person, he was likely to make a very capital figure in the world. After he had been some time at the university, his father sent him with a private tutor to make the tour of Europe, in order to enlarge his ideas, and surmount those prejudices which we are too apt to entertain against foreigners. His tutor was a young clergyman of a lively imagination and strong passions; but who had hypocrisy sufficient to prevent his friends and relations discovering his foibles. But when he was no longer within the compass of their observation, he gave a loose to all his extravagances; and finding in his pupil a disposition not dissimilar to his own, they were sworn friends, and constant companions.

At Paris they made acquaintance with the most celebrated *filles de joye*, and opera-girls; assisted at every spectacle where mirth and festivity reigned; and passed a winter in one constant course of libertinism and dissipation. Lord Aimwell was detected with the mistress of a captain of dragoons, who called him to account, when the French officer was run through the sword arm. Upon this occasion, his Lordship's tutor was his second, who behaved with as much gallantry as if he had been bred to the sword. Hence they departed for Italy, and were at Venice during the carnival.

Here they entered into all the spirit of Italian luxury and refinement; every attainable flower in the garden of love was culled and enjoyed, till at length a more than charming *bouquet* ingrossed all his Lordship's attention. He had just framed a connexion with Signora Calemetti, when he received the news of the death of his father; and his affairs calling him immediately home, this lady agreed to accompany him in his journey.

Upon his Lordship's arrival in England, he appointed his late tutor his chaplain, regulated all other
family

family business very speedily, and confined all his fondest wishes to Signora Calemetti. Her reign was, however, but of a short date ; another mistress and another succeeded ; and finding herself slighted, she quitted his house, and took refuge under the wing of a certain rich Welch Baronet.

His Lordship pursued this course of licentiousness for upwards of two years, during which time he was hurried from reflection, and immersed in debauchery ; till at last he met, in a private party, the beautiful, the amiable, the accomplished Miss L-----s. Struck with her uncommon charms, he found the force of her perfections all at once assail him ; deprived of the power of utterance, he could not even hint to her what he felt—he left the company, and having returned home, acquainted his Chaplain with his situation.

The Priest endeavoured at first to rally his passion ; but finding it too deeply rooted to be diverted by pleasantry, he undertook to be his Lordship's advocate. He accordingly found means to obtain an audience of the lady, when he intimated to her the state of his Lordship's mind, the violence of his passion for her, and his strong desire of presenting her with his hand. To this she replied with great serenity of temper, " I am not a stranger to Lord Aimwell's merit, nor am I insensible of the honour he proposes me ; but I am too well acquainted with his Lordship's irregularities to promise myself the smallest share of happiness from such an union." All remonstrance was vain, she still persisted in these sentiments.

When his Lordship was informed of her answer, he was almost distracted, and would probably have committed some violence upon his person, had he not been carefully watched. He now saw his past errors in their strongest light—All his follies, all his vices, crowded

crowded upon his remembrance, and made him almost distracted.

After recovering himself from the violent agitation his spirits had been thrown into, he resolved never to recur to his former abandoned courses; and if by his penitence and the sincerity of his reformation, he could not obtain her heart, at least to sacrifice *his* entirely to her. He frequented every public and private place, where he judged there was a possibility of meeting with Miss L——s; and from some hints she accidentally dropt, he found he was not absolutely indifferent to her.

After some months constant attendance upon her, he resolved on a stratagem to extort from her the acknowledgement of a mutual passion. He had kept house for some days, and it was given out he was very ill. His Lordship's friend, who communicated this intelligence to Miss L——s, could perceive a very visible alteration in her countenance upon receiving the information which convinced his Lordship of the probability of his scheme. This gentleman was at a party of quadrille, where this lady assisted, when news was brought that his Lordship was given over, and that he intreated a visit from her in his last moments. At this intelligence Miss L——s fainted. When she recovered, the gentleman informed her there was but one way to save his Lordship's life, as she was his disorder, and she might be his cure. She consented to wait upon his Lordship with the gentleman; when her sorrow was so explicit, and her passion so amply avowed, that his Lordship soon recovered, and their nuptials were celebrated in a few days.

He has since confessed the artifice he played upon her, as his disorder was totally *imaginary*. She has forgiven him, and acknowledged she even approved of his plan, as it was the only means by which she could.

could have been tempted to have discovered her regard for him; and had it not taken place, she should have been deprived of the best of husbands, and the most amiable of men.



A WELL KNOWN EPITAPH

ILLUSTRATED AND IMPROVED.

*Remember man, now passing by,
As thou art now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must thou be,
Prepare therefore to follow me.*

WHOEVER this lover of simplicity and truth was, he certainly stole the idea from the Latin motto, *Sum, Es, Fui.*

Rest happy shade, who in thy pilgrimage through this vale of sin and sorrow, compiled this short but pithy lesson for wandering travellers yet to come; who hast thus kindly left a memento for future ages in words plain and simple, yet strong and nervous; on a subject daily seen, but hourly forgot: while by thy direction every grinning scalp thus bespeaks the busy passenger,

“As I am now, so must thou be.”

Let us now proceed to consider the above epitaph, together with the motto, in such a manner, as may conduce to general profit; notwithstanding the frailty of the human heart, or the folly of the author's head.

Sum,

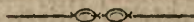
Sum, Es, Fui. —

Remember man, now passing by,
As thou art now, so once was I.

Here comes in the *Es*; and the motto and the epitaph both join in this important question, What art thou? Art thou the child of health, a lover of mirth, and the favorite of fun? So once was I. Does the glance of love, the flush of fury, or the serene look of complaisance, sparkle in thine eyes? So once they did in mine.

Active appear thy limbs, strong seems thy constitution; so once seemed mine. Art thou the child of calamity? Do disappointments thwart thy best designs? does affliction mar thy comfort, or losses unexpected spoil thy hopes? Just so it was with me, till death released my weary soul, and bowed my head in dust. Thus speaks that faithful monitor—a *dead man's skull*.

“Wait the great teacher Death.” NIGHT THOUGHTS.



REFLECTIONS

ON

THE DARLING PASSIONS

OF

MANKIND IN GENERAL.

Follies, if uncontroll'd, of ev'ry kind,
Grow into passion, and subdue the mind;
With sense and reason hold superior strife,
And conquer honour, nature, fame, and life. MOORE.

AS

AS every man was intended to form some link in the great chain of social life, where order and convenience are supported by variety, hence are they by nature endowed not only with different talents and capacities, but with as different tempers and inclinations. And it is as these are duly regulated by reason, prudence, justice, and virtue, or left to run the wild career of uncontrolled passion, that we behold the good man or the bad. Hence, although we ought to cultivate our particular talents and inclinations, as it is only in this our natural sphere that we can figure with eclat, yet we should be particularly careful not to suffer them to lead us into excess; for what in moderation is innocent, or even a virtue, may, in its extreme, become a vice. Thus the painful and industrious man of business should take care he becomes not a miser, or dishonestly cunning; the lively and generous, that they become not rakes and spend-thrifts; and the armorous, that they sink not into lewdness and debauchery.

Every one is ready to condemn those vices of which he thinks himself free, but would fain excuse those of which he knows he has his share. We are all like the honest parish clerk, who gave his hearty amen to all the anathemas of the Commination, until the parson pronounced "Cursed is he who lieth with his neighbour's wife;" to which, for certain private reasons, being unwilling to give his assent, he deliberately and prudently rejoined, "Nay—a—a—then."

We are but too apt to give indulgence to those passions which are our favourites, and think it some amends to keep free from those vices, to which we have no inclination. We would fain believe that the gratifying one folly cannot condemn, and yet, perhaps, in this lies our whole trial. If, by the kindness of Heaven, I have an honest means of procuring
the

The necessaries of life, and so much sound common sense, as to value riches only as they are really useful, what merit is it in me that I do not covet or steal? And, if my temper be not irascible, and no man has maliciously injured me, what should make me hate or injure another? But if I have some darling appetite to gratify, and to please it sacrifice every consideration of prudence, justice, and religion, am I not (so far as it has pleased Heaven to try me) a foolish, immoral, and impious man?

By keeping our passions under due control, they become every day less troublesome: but, by indulgence, they as daily gather strength, and if they be allowed their full length of rein, they will soon lead us into such excesses, they will so warp our reason as to make us at last unfeeling, and render us guilty of such actions, as, in our more innocent state, we would have shuddered at the very thoughts of. We become not only hardened in our first kind of sin, but one vice is often introductory of others; and we are led, nay almost compelled, to commit such crimes as are most repugnant to our natural dispositions, and distressing to the feelings of our own hearts.

Thus are the generous and kind, by running into extravagances, and so involving themselves in difficulties and distress, forced to become mean, fawning, deceitful, and unjust; and into what shocking scenes of lewdness or cruelty, has not drunkenness led the naturally virtuous and good-natured man?

Virtue is of herself so lovely, and vice so naturally loathsome, to the human heart, that no man methinks could endure the consciousness of wanting the one, and shame of being slave to the other, did we not deceive ourselves by giving false names to things. Thus extravagance is called contempt of avarice, and avarice dislike to luxury and waste. Lewdness is called gallantry, and drunkenness good fellowship;

or else we draw a veil over our own deformity of manners, by making partial comparisons betwixt ourselves and others, as thinking it a kind of negative virtue, that we are not quite so bad as they.

Another way people comfort themselves under a consciousness of their present iniquity is, by their hopes of future amendment ; but that vice which we will not or cannot conquer to-day, will be yet worse to subdue to-morrow. Passion, by being indulged, continually gathers strength, while our power of resistance must naturally grow weaker. It is one great proof of the immortality of the human soul, that our passions and desires decay not always with our bodily powers to gratify them. How will the spirits of decrepid age revive, when talking of what was the darling pride or pleasures of youth ! How will the drunkard repine for liquors, now become tasteless in his mouth ; and the lascivious man

“ Sull to his mistress hie with feeble knees ! ”

It is this consideration which has induced some, with great reason, to believe, that it will be in extremity of these never-to-be-gratified, these ever-longing desires, that the future punishment of the wicked is to consist : this, with the conscious dread of an offended God, a mind robbed of every hope, of every virtue, and tortured with malicious envy, rage, and despair, will be indeed a worm which never *never* dies.



THE BENEFITS OF INDUSTRY

An idle man is the Devil's playfellow.

IT is the duty of every man to pursue some employment which may be beneficial to himself and his family, or to the community of which he is a member.

ber. Indeed the bulk of mankind are compelled to this from necessity ; for there are comparatively few whose circumstances are independent. But even those who are in the most elevated situations, ought to employ themselves in services to their friends, their dependants, and their country. The rich cannot be supported without the labours of the poor, and it is unreasonable that they should derive such considerable advantages from the industry of others, without some efforts to promote the happiness of those, by whose labour they are benefited.

On these principles, and from a conviction that idleness was injurious to the constitutions and morals of men, and very unjust and mischievous to society, the ancient Greeks and Romans appointed magistrates to see that no person spent their time in sloth ; and severely punished those that thus offended. It was the general custom of the Jews to bring up their children to manual labour, how plentiful soever their circumstances were, or how polite soever their education was designed to be. On this account we find the Apostle Paul, who had a learned education, under the greatest of their rabbies, working as a tent-maker. The same custom is continued in other nations to this day.

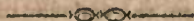
A diligent application to some useful employment is a great preservative against vice, and a guard against temptations of various kinds. It is hardly possible, that any man should continue absolutely unemployed for a long time ; and he that is not doing what he ought, will be doing what he ought not. An honest diligence subdues those sensual dispositions which are cherished by sloth and indolence.

But diligence has not only a tendency to prevent evil, but is naturally productive of the greatest advantages*. Many things, which at first sight appear

beyond

* The hand of the diligent maketh rich. PROV. x. 4.

beyond our reach, are surmountable by persevering labour and industry. What cannot be done by *one* stroke is effected by many; and application and perseverance have often succeeded, even where all other means have failed; by repeated efforts we may compass in the end, what in the beginning we were ready to despair of.



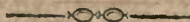
ON CONJUGAL LOVE :

A FRAGMENT.

IN wedlock the looser passions of youth are consolidated into a settled affection; for the lawful object of love unites every care in itself; and makes even those thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal esteem, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all, but those that are in this situation; from hence arises that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare, that tender sympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure that heightens prosperity and joy itself.

This is a full completion of the blessings of humanity; for if reason and society are the characteristics which distinguish us from other animals; an excellence in these two great privileges of man, which centres in wedlock, must raise us in happiness above the rest of our species.

It is here that the noblest passions of which the human soul is susceptible join together, virtuous love and friendship; the one supplying it with a constant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reason. . . .



EVENING.

EVENING.

AN ELEGY.

THE parting sun reflects its ev'ning ray,
And giant shadows variegated the ground;
The wanton kids forsake their harmless play,
And solemn silence reigns the vale around.

Now fancy leads her airy-plumed train,
Through mazy walks by gently-purling rills,
Now Philomela swells her mournful strain,
And all the grove with softest music fills.

Here, moss-grown grotts and bubbling streams are seen,
And gloomy groves in stately columns rise;
Here fruitful meads enamell'd all with green,
There awful mountains seem to prop the skies.

Now Cynthia gilds the dew-bespangled grove,
And casts profusely round her maiden light;
Led by the muse, thro' silent paths I'll rove,
And please my fancy with the varied sight.

Behold that rock that rears its head so high,
In rude magnificence o'erlooks the flood;
See on its top the mangled ruins lie,
Where once a castle's stately turrets stood.

The creeping ivy shades each tottering tower,
And clasps the ruins with a fond embrace;
The screech-owls claim their melancholy bower,
And boding ravens hover round the place.

How vain the pageantry of worldly things!
And what is grandeur, but an empty name?
Short-liv'd the glory of the greatest kings,
Though slaughter'd nations raise their ill-get fame.

Where is, alas ! the pride of Persia flown ?

The pomp of Rome, with all her empire's o'er,
And e'en where Ilium stood, is scarcely known,
And haughty Carthage now exults no more !

Thus, since Ambition yields her certain fate,

By Reason prompted, sure, unerring guide ;
Let Virtue bleis thy visionary state,
Whose glory, Time nor Envy ne'er can hide.

A L C A N D E R ;

OR, THE

R E C L U S E.

AN ELEGY.

FOE to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Alcander early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own ;
A form with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart,
By love engag'd, with gratitude imprest,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue blest.

Swift

Swift pass'd the hours ; alas, to pass no more !
Flown like the thin clouds of a summer's day ;
One beauteous pledge the lov'd Eliza bore,
The fatal gift forbade the giver's stay.

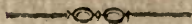
O the dread scene ! 'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain reclin'd my head ;
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, *last* parting, ere her spirit fled.

Restore her, Heav'n ! for once in mercy spare ;
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd ;
And soon Suspense gave place to dumb Despair,
And o'er the past, Death's sable curtain clos'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime ;
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light !
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime ;
O transient glories sunk in sudden night !

Sweet Excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd ;
Where is that form, that mind, my soul admir'd ;
That form, with every pleasing charm adorn'd,
That mind, with every gentle thought inspir'd ?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more ;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear,
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore ;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.



TRUE PLEASURE;

AN ESSAY.

Oh! how amiable is benevolence!

THE man whose heart is replete with pure and unaffected piety, who looks upon the great Creator of the universe, in that just and amiable light which all his works reflect upon him, cannot fail of tasting the sublimest pleasure, in contemplating the stupendous and innumerable effects of his infinite goodness.

Whether he looks abroad on the natural or moral world, his reflections must still be attended with delight; and the sense of his own unworthiness, so far from lessening, will increase his pleasure, while it places the forbearing kindness and indulgence of his Creator in a still more interesting point of view.

Here his mind may dwell upon the present, look back to the past, or stretch forward into futurity, with equal satisfaction; and, the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will his delight arise. Such a disposition as this, seems to be the most secure foundation, on which the fabric of true pleasure can be built.

Next to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of human kind seems to be the most promising source of pleasure. And it is a never-failing one to him, who, possessed of this principle, enjoys all the power of indulging his benevolence; who makes the superiority of his fortune, his knowledge, or his power, subservient to the wants of his fellow-creatures around him.

It is true, there are few whose power or fortune are so adequate to the wants of mankind, as to render them capable of performing acts of *universal* bene-
cence

ence; but a spirit of universal benevolence may be possessed by all; and the bounteous Author of Nature has not proportioned the pleasure to the greatness of the effect, but to the greatness of the cause.

The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyments of friendship, the tender delights of love, and the rational pleasures of religion, are open to all; and they each of them seem capable of giving real happiness. These being the only fountains, from which true pleasure springs, it is no wonder that many should be compelled to say they have not yet found it; and still cry out, "*Who will show us any good?*" They seek it in every way but the right way: they want a heart for *devotion, humanity, friendship, and love*, and a taste for what is truly beautiful and admirable.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

MR. GAINSBOROUGH, THE PAINTER.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH, the landscape-painter, was one of the greatest geniuses in his line that ever adorned any age or nation. His death was occasioned by a wen in the neck, which grew internally, and so large as to obstruct the passages. The effects of it became violent, a few months since, from a cold caught one morning in Westminster-hall, at the trial of Mr. Hastings.

The malady began to increase from this time; but its symptoms so much eluded the skill of Dr. Heberden and Mr. John Hunter, that they declared it was nothing more than a swelling in the glands, which the warm weather would disperse. With this prospect
he

he went to his cottage near Richmond, where he remained for a few days ; but growing worse, he returned. A suppuration taking place soon after, Mr. John Hunter acknowledged the protuberance to be a cancer.

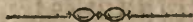
Mr. Pott was at this time called in with Dr. Warren ; who confirmed this opinion, but found it impracticable to administer aid. In a situation thus desperate, the esteemed and admired Gainsborough languished and died ignorant of the malady which brought him to his end. Since his death, the part has been opened, the excrescence examined, and replaced.

Mr. Gainsborough was just turned of sixty-one years of age. He was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His father, on his outset in life, was possessed of a decent competency ; but a large family, and a liberal heart, soon lessened his wealth. His son very early discovered a propensity to painting. Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy. Here he would pass in solitude his mornings, in making a sketch of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other accidental objects, that were presented to his view.

From delineation he got to colouring ; and after painting several landscapes from the age of ten to twelve he quitted Sudbury in his thirteenth year, and came to London, where he commenced portrait-painter ; and from that time never put his family to the least expense. The person at whose house he principally resided was a silversmith of some taste ; and from him he was ever ready to confess he derived great assistance.

Mr. Gravelot, the engraver, was also his patron, and got him introduced at the old Academy of the Arts, in St. Martin's-lane. He continued to exercise

cise his pensil in London for some years ; but marrying while he was only *nineteen* years of age, he soon after took up his residence at Ipswich ; and after practising there for a considerable period, went to *Bath*, where, his friends intimated, his merits would meet their proper reward.



VERSES

WRITTEN BY MR. CUNNINGHAM

TO AN

INTIMATE FRIEND,

ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

DEAR friend, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end ;
You'll cry—" And has Cunningham time
To give so much verse to his friend ?"

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' severe)
Is just from the letters I owe ;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However, for better or worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive ;
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearse,
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The Drama and I have shook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage,
Submissive I met her commands,
For nothing can cure me of age.

My

My sunshine of youth is no more,
My mornings of pleasure are fled !
With sorrow my fate I deplore,
A pension supplies me with bread !

Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortune I struggled to raise !
I conquer my pride as I can,
His charity merits my praise !

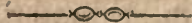
His bounty proceeds from his heart ;
'Tis principle prompts the supply ;
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze ;
To Fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways !

She ne'er was my friend, through the day,
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit ;
At noon she'd her favours display,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her presence I court,
No longer I shrink at her frowns !
Her whimsies supply me with sport,
And her smiles I resign to the clowns !

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches and fame,
I quietly hope to retire,
When death shall the summons proclaim.



THE LAST MOMENTS AND HAPPY DEATH OF ROUSSEAU.

IN the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1, 1778, Rousseau took his usual walk with his *little governor*, as he called him : the weather was very warm, and he several times stopped, and desired his little companion to rest himself (a circumstance not usual with him), and complained, as the child afterwards related, of an attack of the colic ; which, however, was entirely removed when he returned to supper, so that even his wife had no suspicion of his being out of order. The next day he arose at his usual hour, went to contemplate the rising sun in his morning walk, and returned to breakfast with his wife.

Some time after, at the hour she generally went out about her family business, he desired her to call and pay a smith that had done some work for him ; and charged her particularly to make no deduction from his bill, as he appeared to be an honest man ; preserving to the last moments of his life, those sentiments of probity and justice which he enforced by his example, not less persuasively than by his writings. His wife had been out but a few minutes, when returning she found him sitting in a straw chair, and leaning with his elbow on a nest of drawers.

“What is the matter with you, my dear ?” says she : “do you find yourself ill ?”

“I feel,” replies he, “a strange uneasiness and oppression, besides a severe attack of the colic.”

Madam Rousseau, upon this, in order to have assistance without alarming him, begged the porter's wife to go to the chateau, and tell that her husband was taken ill. Madame de Girardin, being the first

whom the news reached, hurried there instantly, and as that was with her a very unusual hour of visiting Rousseau, she, as a pretext for her coming, asked him and his wife, whether they had not been disturbed in the night by the noise made in the village.

"Ah! madam," answered Rousseau, in a tone of voice that declared the feeling he had of her condescension, "I am perfectly sensible of your goodness, but you see I am in pain, and to have you a witness of my sufferings, is an addition to them; and both your own delicate state of health, and the natural tenderness of your heart, unfit you for the sight of other people's sufferings. You will do me a kindness, and yourself too, Madam, by retiring, and leaving me alone with my wife for some time."

She returned therefore to the chateau, to leave him at liberty to receive without interruption, such assistance as his colic required, the only assistance, in appearance, which he stood in need of.

As soon as he was alone with his wife, he desired her to sit down beside him.

"Here I am, my dear (says he); how do you find yourself?"

"The colic tortures me severely, but I entreat you to open the window; let me once more see the face of nature: how beautiful it is?"

"My dear husband, what do you mean by saying so?"

"It has always been my prayer to God, (replied he with the most perfect tranquility,) to die without doctor or disease, and that you may close my eyes: my prayers are on the point of being heard. If I have ever been the cause of any affliction to you; if by being united to me, you have met with any misfortune, that you would have otherwise avoided, I entreat your pardon for it."——

"Ah,

“Ah, it is my duty (cried she all in tears), it is *my* duty, and not your's, to ask forgiveness for all the trouble and uneasiness I have occasioned to you! But what can you mean by talking in this manner?”

“Listen to me, my dear wife, I feel that I am dying, but I die in perfect tranquility: I never meant ill to any one, and I firmly hope and rely on the mercy of God. My friends have promised me never to dispose, without your consent, of the papers I have put into their hands; the Marquis de Girardin will have the humanity to claim the performance of their promise. Thank the marquis and his lady on my part; I leave you in their hands, and I have a sufficient dependance on their friendship, to carry along with me the satisfactory certainty, that they will be a father and mother to you. Tell them I request their permission to be buried in their garden, and that I have no choice as to the particular spot. Give my *souvenir* to my little Governor, and my Botany to Mademoiselle Girardin. Give the poor of the village something to pray for me, and let the honest couple whose marriage I had settled, have the present I intended to make them. I charge you besides, particularly to have my body opened after my death, by proper persons, and that an exact account of the appearances and dissection be committed to writing.”

In the mean time the pains he felt increased; he complained of shooting pains in his breast and head. His wife being no longer able to conceal her affliction, he forgot his own sufferings to console her.

“What! (said he,) have I lost all your affection already; and do you lament my happiness, happiness never to have an end, and which it will not be in the power of men to alter or interrupt? See how clear the heavens look, (pointing to the sky, in a kind of transport that seemed to collect all the energy of his soul;) there is not a single cloud. How pure and
serene

serene is this day ! O how grand is nature ! See that sun, whose smiling aspect calls me : behold yourself that immense light. There is God ; yes, God himself who opens for me his bosom, and invites me at last to taste that eternal and unalterable peace which I had so eagerly desired."

At these words he fell forwards, dragging his wife down along with him. Attempting to raise him, she found him speechless and without motion. Her cries brought all within hearing to her assistance ; the body was taken up and laid on the bed. At that moment I entered, and taking his hand, I found it still warm, and even imagined his pulse beat ; the shortness of the time in which the fatal event had taken place, the whole having passed in less than a quarter of an hour, left me a ray of hope. I sent for the neighbouring surgeon, and dispatched a person to Paris for a physician, a friend of Rousseau's, charging him to come without a moment's delay. I called for some *alkali volatile fluor*, and made him smell to, and swallow it repeatedly, all to no effect. The consummation so delightful to him, and so fatal to us, was already completed ; and though his example taught me how to die, it could not teach me to bear his loss without heartfelt sorrow and concern.

Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite,
What smitten, most proclaims the pride of power
And arbitrary nod.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.



AN
INDIAN KING'S ADVICE
TO HIS
S O N,
ON HIS
DYING BED.

MY son (said the expiring monarch), the angel of death is now approaching, and in a few moments a breathless carcase will be all that remains of the once powerful Kalahad. Remember, therefore, my son, that thou must now govern this mighty empire alone. Remember, O youthful monarch of Indostan, that thy example will influence multitudes of people ; it will constitute either their happiness or misery.

If thou art careful to direct thy paths by the precepts of reason, and to listen to the dictates of conscience ; if thou art indefatigable in punishing oppressors, and those who wallow in wickedness, and careful to encourage virtue and merit wherever they are found ; then shall happiness dwell in thy palaces, and plenty smile around thy habitations. Treachery shall be banished from the empire of Indostan, and rebellion seek refuge in the dark caverns of the mountains. The tongue of the hoary sage shall bless thee, and the shepherd, as he tends his flocks in the pastures of the Ganges, rehearse the glories of thy reign.

Thus shall thy life glide on serenely ; and when the angel of death receives his commission to put a period to thy existence, thou shalt receive the summons with tranquility, and pass without fear the gloomy valley that separates time from eternity ; for remember, my son, this life is nothing more than a

short portion of duration, a prelude to another that will never have an end.

It is a state of trial, a period of probation ; and as we spend it either in the service of virtue or vice, our state in the regions of eternity will be happy or miserable.

Farewel, my son, I am arrived at the brink of the precipice that divides the regions of spirits from those inhabited by mortals : treasure up the instructions of thy dying father in thy breast ; practice them, and be happy.



TRUE FRIENDSHIP

HAPPILY

POURTRAYED.

A world in purchase of a friend is gain.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE best method to cultivate true friendship is by letting it, in some measure, make itself ; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds ; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts glowing with good-nature for each other, when they were at first perhaps only in pursuit of a little mirth or relaxation.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be purchased by riches ; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round

round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron.

His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior; and he saw himself daily among a number of others, loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart.

A want of affection often broke out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of *hearts*, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude.

Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him.

He flew to the man of dissipated fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that easy state of life from which one of them had so unhappily fallen.

If anxious cares are ruling in the breast,
And oft deprive the mind of wonted rest,
The real friend will bear a willing part,
And soothe the care with sympathizing heart.



THE
PLEASURES
AND
BENEFITS
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

FRIENDSHIP is a union of hearts by the means of virtue and merit, and confirmed by a certain resemblance and conformity of manners. A brilliant wit, solid and agreeable talents, may gain upon our esteem, but they have no right to our friendship, unless they are accompanied with virtue. We ought to distinguish that which pleases now and then, from that which will please always. We must behave with gentleness and politeness to those with whom we are to live, because we cannot have too many people to wish us well ; but we are not to take the measures of a lasting friendship with any man except with one, who has a generous noble mind, as well as a sound judgment. Caution and management are absolutely necessary in the choice of our friends ; and we must not deliver ourselves up, upon a *slight* acquaintance. Friendships suddenly formed, commonly end as soon as they are begun.

One of the chief benefits of friendship, is, to communicate some secret charm to every thing that happens in the life of a friend, whether good or bad ; something that may lessen the sense of the bad, and
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raise the sense of the good ; so that no misfortune may be insupportable, nor any pleasure lost to him.

It consists also in setting us right in our notions, in correcting our false steps, in favouring our enterprises, in making us moderate in our successes, and supporting us in our adversity. We must excuse the faults of our friends ; for to expect that our friends shall have no faults, is as much as to resolve to have friendship with nobody.

If the reputation of our friends is attacked in their absence, we must engage in their defence ; if they are present, we must second them with prudence ; and in private, we ought to have the courage to reprehend them for their faults.

Among true friends, there must be no such thing as distrust ; there must be no secrets, except those which have been confided in you by a third person ; which is a sacred trust you are not to divulge upon any consideration whatsoever. Let the ties of friendship be ever so strict, yet they have their bounds, and they must be subservient to three principal duties. We are all born subject to certain obligations ; we owe a duty to God, to our country, and last of all to our family. These several duties have their different degrees ; those of friendship are in the *last* rank. As creatures we belong to one great Creator ; as subjects, to the state ; and as men, to our families. We are born creatures, subjects, and kinsmen, but we become friends. We come into the world charged with these first debts, which we are obliged to pay ; preferably to those which we contract by our own choice.

There are accidents not to be foreseen, which often break friendship. In this case, we must take care of being too easy in listening to bad suggestions, too rigorous to condemn. Reason and justice forbid us to condemn any person without hearing ; by a much stronger reason, common sense and humanity exact
it

it of us in the case of a friend. We should, on the contrary, with great coolness, examine into the truth, and above all, avoid making use of any severe terms in coming to an *eclaircissement*; there are some who, for want of this discretion alone, have given wounds to the heart of a friend, which are never to be cured. If after all, one should be under an indispensable necessity of breaking off entirely, there are measures to be kept even in case of such a rupture. There is a respect to be paid to past friendship, at the time that it is no more. All noise and *eclat* must particularly be avoided, and we ought to take special care that this rupture is neither begun nor followed by passion. Above all, we are not to discover former secrets. The mysteries of ancient friendship must never be profaned.

To conclude :—happy is he who can find a true friend, and happy is he who possesses the true qualities necessary to make a friend.



REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

To wed or not to wed, that is the question.

MARRIAGE is not only a matter of positive institution, and of moral obligation, but even of natural instinct also. This latter article I shall endeavour to prove, by the means of a certain physical peculiarity, which so happily and remarkably distinguishes man from brute. Women may be wives throughout the year; other females can be mistresses but for a season. This particular, in my opinion, amounts pretty nearly to a proof, that Providence, in the great scheme and œconomy of the intellectual system,

tem, designed men and women for *pairs* only, and not to be at liberty to range unbounded, like the bestial herd. This may be permitted to the *bull*, the *buck*, the *ram*, &c. to answer the wise purposes of nature ; but man is under no such natural necessity for change.

No condition for a man seems more natural than that of *marriage* ; it is the sole end for which his whole frame and contexture seem calculated ; all his senses, with an imperceptible violence, draw him into this union ; an union which if entered into under the auspices of religion and reason, and cemented by a similarity of tempers, proportion of ages, and cherished by mutual complaisance, is productive of the most solid happiness ; but where interest or passion join their hands, where jarring sentiments and mutual neglects alienate the heart, it is, and ever will be, productive of real evils.

There is, however, no state which is entitled to more esteem and honour ; yet of all, perhaps, it meets with the least ; this disappointment is owing to the spread of debauchery which has eclipsed its dignity, and decries it as a gulf of inevitable dangers ; thus being dreaded, it is despised and shunned. Notwithstanding, if marriage be beneficial to mankind at large, it must evidently be so for individuals ; the good of the whole being the same with the good of all its parts.

The inconveniences of a single life are in a great measure necessary and certain ; but those of the conjugal state are accidental and avoidable. Of all who marry, there are few who have any other view than their own personal gratification ; interest promotes marriage with the old, and passions quickly procure matches for the young. On either side there is neither love nor esteem, and from these alone must be derived true happiness : therefore, it is from the general

eral folly of mankind, that their discontent in marriage arises ; they make a rash choice without judgment or foresight ; without inquiring into the conformity there is (or should be) of opinions, the similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiments, and are, consequently, unhappy when it is made.

A young man and woman meet by chance, or are brought together by design : they exchange glances and civilities : they go home and dream of one another ; having little to divert attention or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude they shall be happy together ; they marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness had before concealed ; they wear out their days with altercations, & charge nature with cruelty. Surely all these evils might be avoided, by that deliberation and forethought which prudence prescribes to a choice for life.

Upon the whole, a married life is always an *insipid*, a *vexatious*, or an *happy* condition ; the first is, when two people of no genius or taste meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the lands and cash of both parties ; in this case, the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house, and the improvements, in the purchase of an estate. But she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her ; these make up the crowd, or the vulgar of the rich, and fill up the number of the human race, without beneficence to those below them, or respect to those above them ; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and good sense.

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The vexatious married life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons best known to their friends ; in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) *poverty*, and ensure to them riches with every want besides. These good people live in a constant restraint before company, and too great a familiarity when alone. When they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour ; when alone they revile each other's person and conduct ; in company they are in purgatory, when by themselves, in hell.

The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love, in spite of adversity or sickness : the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from ; the other is the common lot of humanity ; when esteem and love unite hearts, ostentation and pomp of living will not be coveted ; solitude and mediocrity with the person beloved, yield true pleasure far beyond what can be derived from show and splendour ; mental perfections are the only solid foundations for conjugal happiness ; the gifts of fortune are adventitious, and may be acquired, but intrinsic worth is permanent and incommunicable.



RULES FOR CHUSING A WIFE,
AND FOR
BEHAVIOUR AFTER MARRIAGE.

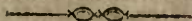
WRITTEN BY A BATCHELOR.

THE first rule I have set to myself, is this, if ever I change my present way of life, I will prefer neither beauty, nor fortune, to good-humour and sense. Those, as a poet of our own finely says will ever last, when beauty may, nay *must* fade; and fortune alone will have no power to make life easy, without the other two.—But, secondly, I will endeavour to chuse one, who, if she be not a beauty, is at a pretty good distance from deformity; for, though it is commonly enough said, and in some measure it may be true, that fancy surpasses beauty; yet there is no more reason, that a man's fancy should stigmatize his senses, than that his patience (doubtless, to be tried enough without) should bear the burden of perpetual farcafms. The world is wide enough; and a man, who has lived to my years a batchelor, will have no need to run a double gantlet, where the wits of the age declare any one of them a sufficient topic for satire.—Yet, if a homely piece of household stuff should fall to my lot, I would of all things take particular care, not to provoke the satire of my neighbours by any overweening reflections or comparisons.

To be sure, under such a disaster, I would endeavour to secure some fiddle-faddle grace or other, to commute for my liberty: good sense, or good housewifery;

wifery ; or good-humour, or some other good thing, should excuse me to *myself*, at least ; and so long as I find complaisance and content at home, my neighbour must have very little to do, and must approve himself a man of vast deficiency, both of business and wisdom, who will go about to disturb the peace of one that never troubles his head with him, or any thing that belongs to him.

If I think my own wife handsomer, discreeter, or a better housewife than his, can it be any addition to my own happiness, to endeavour to lessen his, by acquainting him with my sentiments ? But on the contrary, if I am conscious to myself that we are barely on a level in the matter, as to outward appearance at least ; what a laxness of tongue, or what an absence of discretion shall I demonstrate, to triumph in advantages, of which I cannot make others sensible, without exposing myself to the censures and ill-natured observations of those who perhaps would not, without such a provocation, ever have troubled their heads with me ? Sure the height of every man's real enjoyment must be in his own domestic content. He that pretends to be happy without it, deludes himself. To enjoy our own with satisfaction, and to rejoice in the satisfaction of our neighbours, is an attainment at which very few arrive ; among whom those can never be reckoned, who endeavour to make others uneasy in their enjoyments, by a ridiculous ostentation of their own.



ON POLITE BEHAVIOUR.

TRUE politeness is the greatest charm of civil society ; it teaches us to compassionate the errors and weaknesses of some, to bear with patience the whims and caprices of others, to give into their notions for a while, in order to bring them back afterwards to reason, by gentle and insinuating methods, accommodating ourselves to the humours of every body, from a real desire of pleasing in general. With this view we assume every character and form that may possibly contribute to success ; and though a long practice of complaisance be often a very disagreeable task with respect to people of a certain stamp, we, however, conquer our repugnance, and are not diverted from our pursuit by their untoward behaviour : however capricious people may be, it is very difficult for them not to be pleased with such persevering condescension and assiduity.

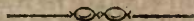
Politeness, likewise, directs us to decline the praises people may be willing to give us, and prompts us to bestow them liberally on others. We are ingenious in expatiating on their amiable and excellent qualities: this is what makes us feel such exquisite and delicate pleasure in the company of polite people of sentiment, judgment, and pliancy, who know how to accommodate themselves to our taste and dispositions.

It is rare to find so many accomplishments united ; we must not, therefore, wonder that the number of polite persons, is so comparatively small ; ladies, who are naturally more mild, complaisant, and graceful than men, have likewise more politeness : and it is chiefly in an intercourse with them, that men learn

to be civil and polite, by studying to become agreeable to them*.

Polite manners render merit pleasing and lovely : whatever talents we may possess, the want of politeness destroys the esteem which excellent qualities must otherwise produce. There are some who have a peculiar knack of heightening the folly or absurdity of others, as well as of exhibiting impertinent behaviour in a new light : this talent is the very reverse of politeness ; which is indulgent to every body, and which always finds arguments to palliate the conduct of others, or at least to justify their intentions.

Polite persons have likewise great address for entering into the taste and disposition of people ; for coming at the nature and extent of their capacity, and giving them opportunities of displaying their different abilities, they are less attentive to shine in conversation by engrossing it entirely to themselves, than to make the merit of others appear more conspicuous.



ON THE PRIDE OF HIGH BIRTH.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?

Nothing---but merit---in a *low* estate. DR. YOUNG.

OF all the absurd circumstances by which the mind of man becomes elated, surely that of being descended from great or titled ancestors is the most ridiculous ;

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* Would to God this was *always* the pleasing consequence of intercourse between the sexes.

diculous ; it is impossible to value ourselves on any thing *less* meritorious, or that more displays the vanity of the human character ; most other kinds of pride have some plea to give them countenance, but this has none. Riches some may pride themselves in, because they give independence ; beauty and dress may procure admiration ; and esteem will always await on intellectual accomplishments. But to be descended from even the most virtuous characters can never be considered as an advantage by the judicious part of mankind, unless their good qualities, as well as names, were hereditary ; nay, so far from giving any room to boast, it must certainly be a great mortification to many, to reflect how much they fall short of the amiable character which the faithful pen of the historian has transmitted to posterity. They cannot but know, that, to men of sense, the comparison, or rather contrast, must appear disgraceful ; and that their elevated rank, instead of procuring them a part of that respect enjoyed by their progenitors, serves only to render them the more contemptible.

And as high birth can have no reasonable claim to our reverence and esteem, when unaccompanied by those qualities and dispositions which make a man truly great ; so to despise a man, merely for the meanness of his extraction, shows equally a want of sense and sound judgment, and is the peculiar characteristic of little minds. Yet, though the truth of these observations is sufficiently obvious, though this species of pride is without the shadow of a reason to support it, it is astonishing to think what an influence it has over the conduct of the generality of people at the present time.

No sooner does a person, arrived at a state of independence, by an exertion of his industry only, appear in any public scene of life, but the busy tongue of a foolish

foolish curiosity is employed in an inquiry into his family ; and, though he may have imbibed the most virtuous principles, though his genius may be such as would render him a valuable acquisition to society, yet, if he cannot boast of a long list of honourable names in his pedigree, he is immediately treated with a supercilious indifference, and deemed unworthy to associate with people of quality. But should he dare to carry his thoughts so high, as to wish an alliance by marriage with a family of that class, incited thereto by the tenderest and most sincere attachment to an object not insensible of his merit, and less influenced by that pride which custom has made so powerful an obstacle to their happiness, he must not wonder if the indifference he before experienced is exchanged for contempt. So much for the folly of modern nobility, in valuing themselves for their high birth, without respect to real merit.

None's truly great, but he who's truly good.

RATIONAL PROOFS
OF THE
SOUL'S IMMORTALITY
AND A
FUTURE STATE.

IN A LETTER TO A MODERN DEIST,

AN EXTRACT.

It must be so---Plato, thou reason'st well---
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. ADDISON'S CATO;

YOU acknowledge there is one self-existent Being, and that from Him all derive their existence, whether *rational, animal, vegetable, or inanimate* ; from what
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we see and know of his works, may we not reason with some degree of precision, by analogy, to what is less certainly understood? Amongst all the works of creation, that come under our observation, is there any waste of powers, abilities, qualities, or properties? Every plant can receive from that single spot, to which it is confined, all that is necessary for its support and nourishment; it sickens by removal, and thrives in proportion to the close adhesion of its fibrous root to its mother *earth*: the power of motion, which would have been injurious, is therefore wisely denied.

Observe the various animals, see how their different powers, forms, qualities, and clothing are proportioned to their different natures, and the different occupations, or climates, they are destined to. Of what use to the mole would have been the eagle's eye, or to the horse the tiger's claw, feet to the fish, or fins to birds? Not a superfluous gift is bestowed, but each species has exactly that form, construction, and those powers, which are most useful, necessary, and best suited to itself.

Let us then go on to examine *man* upon the same plan: Compare him with all the different kinds of animals over whom he claims, and exerts a sovereign power. Some of these are made his food, others necessary to the comfort and convenience of his life in different capacities; neither of which could be obtained by the corporeal qualities he is endowed with, the brute creation being all, either by strength, swiftness, or the region they inhabit, beyond the reach of his arm.

The superior sagacity, therefore, which has enabled him to supply, by various arts, this natural defect of corporeal powers, was undoubtedly necessary to his subsistence; because without it he would have been
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the most defenceless of all animals equal to himself in size ; unable to procure the smaller kinds for his food, and an easy prey to the larger. Supposing his whole duration to end with *this* life, or, at least, that no after-consciousness remains, was not this sort of sagacity, by which he braves the lion's force, bends to the yoke the stubborn bullock's neck, breaks to the curb the foaming steed, overtakes with certain death the distant bird, or from the rapid stream drags to the shore the scaly fry ; was not, I say, on such a supposition, this sort of sagacity, by which he reigns acknowledged lord of this planet, sufficient to answer all the ends of his creation ? Wherefore then this waste of *rational* powers ? this capacity of diving into the philosophical difference between matter and spirit ? of tracing effects up to their probable causes, and accounting rationally for almost all the phenomena of nature ?

To what end is he endowed with the reasoning faculty in a degree so superior to his fellow-mortals here, as to feel (if the expression may be allowed) his derivation from some eternal existence, and form to himself not only a wish, but even a probable prospect of immortality ? And that this is the result of the natural powers of his mind, exclusive of any supposed revelation, is evident from the constant, though doubtful, hope of philosophers in the earliest ages of the world, from all the accounts that have been transmitted to us.

Of what use to him, if consciousness ends with respiration, is it to see and admire the eternal beauty of truth, the fitness of things, the unalterable difference between right and wrong action, or moral good and evil ; the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice ? And is it reasonable to suppose, that in a world wherein we see every creature below us exactly suited

ed to the manifest end of its creation, possessing just what is necessary and useful to it, and not a superfluous gift bestowed, that the Creator should have been thus wantonly lavish in the formation of *man* alone ; and stored his mind with useless faculties, in contradiction to the general plan of creation, which is evidently calculated for the utility, convenience, and happiness of every other species ?

Admitting this to be his whole duration, how eminently wretched is he made by the superior powers he boasts of ! Every animal, in the different scales below himself, enjoys the present moment, unconscious of futurity ; indulges every rising wish, and fearless revels in every joy to which his inclination leads ; whilst man, unhappy man ! for no end restrains his every passion by the severest rules of rigid reason ; and almost from the cradle to the grave, treads with trembling steps, as every moment on the verge of ruin ; in the delusive hope of bringing his mind to a state of such perfection, as will qualify it for immortal happiness, in that future existence he is formed to expect. Should this expectation be vain, can the Being who interwove it in his nature be justly deemed benevolent, kind, or good ? if not, what are the attributes of the God you pretend to own ?

You say the word *immaterial* has no meaning, yet have you frequently asserted, that the soul is only a fine invisible fluid, which being secreted from the brain, and diffused through the nerves, becomes the actuating principle ; I should be glad to know what is to be understood by this ? To me it seems to imply a contradiction. By the word *invisible* must be understood something of a nature not to be discovered by our sight : All *matter* is certainly the object of sight. Give me leave to ask how you came by the knowledge

ledge of this fine *invisible* fluid? and by what means it acquires the power of thought, reflection, choice, and motion, properties that have never been supposed to belong to matter.

By the consciousness which the immortal mind expects to carry with it into another world, and either to *suffer* or *enjoy* for ever in some future state of existence, is meant an exact and indelible remembrance of all the passions, affections, propensities, actions, and inclinations of the mind, during the whole period in which it was united to matter. According to the nature of this retrospect it must unavoidably be productive of perfect happiness or extreme misery: The remembrance of having checked every propensity, or rising inclination, to vice*, and so regulated every affection, as to bring the mind into an habitual state of conscious purity, even in sentiment, must afford that uninterrupted felicity, which conscious rectitude alone is capable of enjoying.

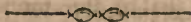
Should the mind, thus supremely blessed, behold the object of its tenderest love rendered irretrievably wretched by a retrospect diametrically opposite to its own, the deformity of the character must raise a just abhorrence; while grateful pleasure would be more strongly excited at the thought of being removed to a state of existence, where vice no more could hide its hateful form, beneath the fair semblance of a virtuous garb.

Hermione was perhaps, the fairest of her sex; Adrastus thought her soul as faultless as her face, in this opinion he held her nearest to his heart, and when
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* Happy would it be for men in general, did they endeavour daily to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and their fellow-creatures---but where is the man that does so?

the mandate for his dissolution came, felt no reluctant thought, but that of leaving this dear partner of his joys behind—Farewel, my love, he fainting cried, I go to wait thee in some better state : haste to rejoin me, for till then, heaven can to me afford but an *imperfect* bliss. Death snatched him from her arms. The mortal veil removed, the blaze of truth flashed on his enlightened mind ; he saw her, as she really was, a base, designing, artful hypocrite ; fled with horror from the detested object, and blessed the moment that dissolved their union here below.

Thus you see the happiness of the good need not to be interrupted by the punishment of the wicked. Hermione sinks to everlasting ruin, beneath a load of conscious guilt, whilst, Adrastus, perfected in virtue, mounts on high, and looks down with inward satisfaction and acquiescence on the just reward of vice and dissimulation*.



THE
HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS,
AN EASTERN TALE.

Content alone is happiness on earth.

The sun had long since sunk behind the adjacent mountains, and the sage Ibrahim was retiring to rest, when a knocking at the door of his hermitage drew him thither ; he opened it, and there stood before him

* Life and immortality, we are assured by God himself in his word, are not brought to light by man's *reason* but by the *Gospel* ; there alone we may look for them with certainty, and be confirmed in the belief of them beyond a doubt.

him a youth, whose care-marked visage spoke him to be the child of grief: "Sire," said the youth, "permit a stranger to pass the night beneath your friendly roof, till the returning morn enables him to pursue his way with safety." The hermit bid him welcome to his cot, and spread his homely board before him. Roots supplied the place of costly viands, and water from a neighbouring spring, the place of blood-inflaming wine. The sigh, the starting tear, and all the behaviour of his guest, filled the sage with emotions of compassion; and desiring, if possible, to alleviate the pains of the stranger, he thus addressed him:

"In a face so young, in a breast so untutored in this world's cares, it seems to me a wonder that sorrow is a guest; and might it not be thought, a bold intrusion, I would ask the spring of these your cares; perhaps you mourn the pangs of disappointed love, the loss of some dear friend or earthly joy. Say, if your grief be of the common course, perchance my riper years may speak the wished-for comfort."—"Sire," replied the youth, "your kind intentions demand at once my thanks and my compliance."

"My father was a merchant; in point of wealth, Bagdad held not his equal; early he left me to possess his fortunes; the loss of my father was soon forgot amidst the riches, flatterers, and friends, that now surrounded me. But when reflection took place, happiness became my desire, and I vainly thought to be rich was to be happy. I enlarged my merchandize, I trafficked to all parts of the globe, and not a wind blew into port, but it brought an increase to my store; but yet I was not happy, my desires increased with my possessions, and I was yet miserable. I then determined to apply to *honour*, and there seek the happiness riches would not afford me. I sold off my

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wares,

wares, and by dint of friends and wealth, I soon obtained a commission, and on several occasions gave proofs of my valour, till I was sent by the sovereign to oppose a rebellion that had broken out in a distant province. I went, was successful, and returned in triumph, laden with honours; and so much was the sultan possessed in my favour, that he offered me his daughter in marriage.

“Awhile I thought myself happy: but the envy of some, and the artifice of others, soon convinced me of my error. I now resolved to quit public life, and to seek in *pleasure* the happiness hitherto unknown. My palace now became the scene of continued delights; the richest viands were daily on my table, the most costly liquors sparkled in my bowl, and the beauties of all nations adorned my seraglio: in short my life was a continued round of pleasure. But, alas! frequent debauchery impaired my health, and the diversions of the night embittered the reflections of the morning.

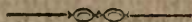
“I now was determined to quit my home, and seek in solitude and retirement, that happiness I had hitherto sought in vain, and which I am at times inclined to believe, is no more than the object of creative fancy. For this purpose I consigned to the care of a friend, all my possessions, and was on the search after a proper place of retirement, when night overtook me and I implored the shelter of your hospitable roof.” Here paused the youth, and thus the sage began:

“The object of your pursuit, my son, indeed is good, and your not hitherto attaining it, arises not from its non-existence, but from your errors in the pursuit of it. Happiness, my son, has not its seat in *honour, pleasure, or riches*: to be happy is in the power of every individual; to all, the great Supreme has
given

given wisely ; and those who receive what he gives with thankfulness and content, are the only happy.

“ Return then, my son, to thy possessions, employ the power of doing good lent by thy Creator, and know that contentment is the substance and happiness her shadow ; those who have the one, possess the other.”

The words of the sage sunk deep in the breast of the stranger ; he retired to rest in peace, and in the morn he returned again to his house, where he witnessed the truth of Ibrahim's advice : and embracing every method to do good, he lived in peace and tranquility ; and experienced that to be content is truly to be happy.



USEFUL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

To maintain health, the passions of the mind must be kept under due subjection. Let a person be ever so temperate, and regular in his diet and exercise, yet if he is led away by his passions, all his regularity will avail but little.

Fear, Grief, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Revenge, and Despair, are known to weaken the nerves, retard the circulation, hinder perspiration, impair digestion, and to produce spasms, obstructions, and hypochondriacal disorders.

Valarius Maximus gives fatal instances of terror. Violent anger creates bilious, inflammatory, convulsive, and apoplectic disorders, especially in hot temperaments.

Pliny

Pliny and Aulus Gellius give us fatal instances of extreme joy.

Sylla having freed Italy from civil wars, returned to Rome. He said, he could not sleep the first night, his soul being transported with excessive joy, as with a strong and mighty wind.

Those who brood over cares, are the first attacked by putrid diseases, and the hardest to cure.

The hopes of ending their days among their native barren rocks, make the Switzers fight under any banner.

Africans transported to the colonies, no sooner cast their eyes on the hated shores, than they refuse sustenance, and often plunge into the main, from a notion that their departed spirits regain their liberty.

Can drugs reach the seats of such diseases? What can medicines avail to love-sick minds? Wounded spirits who can bear?

Moderate joy, virtue, contentment, hope, and courage, invigorate the nerves, accelerate the fluids, promote perspiration, and assist digestion.

Lord Verulam observes, that cheerfulness of spirits is particularly useful when we sit down to meals or go to rest. "If any violent passions should surprise us at these seasons, it would be prudent to defer eating, or going to bed, until the mind recovers its natural tranquillity."

It is observable, that the perspiration is larger from any vehement passion of the mind, when the body is quiet, than from the strongest bodily exercise, when the mind is calm and composed. Hence we infer, that those who are prone to anger cannot bear much exercise, because the exuberant perspiration of both, might waste the strength too fast.



DESCRIPTION.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY WORK-HOUSE.

A FRAGMENT.

BEHOLD yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day*,
Children are plac'd who know no parent's care:
Parents, who know no children's love dwell there;
Heart broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed †;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay‡.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amidst the scenes of woe to grieve;
Here sorrowing, they their hours of trouble scan,
And the cold charities of man to man;
Whose parish laws for ruin'd age provide,
While strong compulsion plucks the scarp from
pride;

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But

* The spinning-wheel.

† The scenes of misery and distress generally exhibited in parish work-houses both in town and country, whether occasioned by unavoidable misfortunes, or the effects of vice, dissipation, or extravagance, are but so many melancholy pictures of the vanity, folly, and uncertainty of all human expectations and pursuits.

‡ If (as it is often said) there are pleasures in madness which none but madmen know, I am well assured they are unenvied in the enjoyment of them.

But still that scarp is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some *fantastic* woes,
(Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ?)
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which *real* pain and that alone can cure * ;
How would ye bear in *real* pain to lie ;
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath ;
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides :
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lathes and mud are all that lie between,
Save one dull pane that coarsely patch'd, gives way,
'To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
'The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pains beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile †.
But with bare necessities scarce supply'd,

And

* How many among the noble and affluent parts of mankind are there, who having no *real* troubles to perplex them, make to themselves *imaginary* ones, and consequently become their own tormentors ? Such persons deserve no pity.

† However surrounding friends may not be able, when we are afflicted, to remove our pains ; their sympathy and converse may tend greatly to alleviate them ; well therefore does a late eminent writer say,

“ Poor is the friendless master of a world.”

DR. YOUNG.

And rack'd with pain he turns from side to side;
 At evening longing for the morning light,
 And wishing every morning it was night,

Such scenes of dire distress, 'tis but too true,
 A parish workhouse oft presents to view †.



A REAL CHRISTIAN DELINEATED.

Christian is the highest style of man:

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

IF a man is proud and ambitious, he cannot be of the true church of Christ; for Christ was lowly, meek, and humble. If a man is cruel, he cannot be of that church; for Christ was tender-hearted. If a man is unforgiving and revengeful, he cannot be of that church; for Christ forgave his enemies, and prayed for them. If you are avaricious, you cannot be of that church; for Christ despised riches. If you are vain-glorious, you cannot be of that church; for Christ sought not the praise of man, but the glory of God. If you know your brethren to be in distress, and assist them not (if it is in your power to do it), you cannot be of that church; for Christ comforted the afflicted, relieved the needy, healed the sick, and even gave his life to save his enemies from destruction.

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† It is too true an observation, that there are very few if any of the excellent public charities the metropolis abounds with but what are abused; the farming of the poor, as it is generally styled, has been the inlet to many flagrant abuses, and therefore should not be allowed.

If you are envious, you cannot be of that church; for Christ envied no man's happiness. If you pass rash or evil judgment on the actions of your neighbour, you cannot be of that church; for Christ judged none unfavourably. If you are lustful, you cannot be of that church; for Christ had no unclean desires. If you are a curser, or swearer, you cannot be of that church; for Christ took not the name of God in vain. If you are a drunkard, or a glutton, you cannot be of that church; for Christ was moderate in all things†.

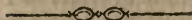
If you are a liar, you cannot be of that church; for Christ always spoke truth, though he suffered for it. If you are contentious, you cannot be of that church; for Christ was a peace-maker. If you are an idler, you cannot be of that church; for Christ employed his time well, daily going about doing good. If you are a thief, or an unjust dealer, you cannot be of that church; for Christ rendered Cæsar his due. If you are a self-lover, you cannot be of that church*; for Christ loved others better than himself, or he had not died for their sakes.

We are apt to set too great a value on the few good actions of our lives, and imagine one meritorious deed sufficient to over-balance numberless repeated crimes: but this is a great mistake, and the error of self-esteem; for it is not enough that we obey our master's commands in a few immaterial points, but we must execute his orders strictly, in every particular, ere we can prove ourselves his faithful

† If we bear not the image of Christ in our tempers, lives, and conduct, we cannot be his disciples; they only are his friends who do whatsoever he commandeth. John, xv. 14.

* A real Christian has the seeds of all these evils in his corrupt nature; but grace enables him to subdue them.

ful servants, In short, if we do not love God above all things, and our neighbours as ourselves ; we are not of Christ's church, nor in the least entitled to the benefits and blessings he hath promised to them that love and serve him † ! Alas ! how few *real* Christians there are in the world !



THE REPRIEVED MALEFACTOR ;

AN AFFECTING SCENE,

LATELY EXHIBITED IN NEWGATE.

-----“ A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when enter'd here, from groans,
And howls of slaves condemn'd : from clink of chains,
And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges !
And ever and anon the light was dash'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners.” CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into, since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence ; but the capture of our West India fleet, in the late American

† It is not being of this, that, or the other sect or denomination among the professors of Christianity, that will constitute a man a real Christian in God's account ; but his being possess'd of the love of Christ in his heart, and evidencing it in his life and conversation in the world.

can war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful ; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome goal. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and with her infant son, she preferred chafing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled ; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer ; and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

" Father of mercies," exclaimed Henry, " lend thine ear to a supplicating penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness, endue me with fortitude to appear before thee : and, O God ! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, on whom I have entailed undeserved heart-felt woe. Chace not sleep from her, till I am dead."——

The keeper interrupted his devotion, by warning him to his fate.—" If there be mercy in you," replied Henry, " make no noise, for I would not have my dear wife and child awaked till I am no more."

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery—He, who with apathy had till now looked upon distress, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature, for once predominated in a gaoler.

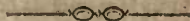
At this instant the child cried ! " O Heavens," said

said Henry, "I am too guilty to have my prayer heard!" He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out—"This is *too* much, my heart bleeds for you, I would I had not seen this day."—"What do I hear?" replied Henry. "Is this an angel, in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate.

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed, as the Ordinary advanced to the dismal cell—They were too intent on their devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a *reprieve*, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings to the loving but hapless pair.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy—She ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life, from her tender kisses, while the humane gaoler gladly knocked off his fetters.—



THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF LIFE

PLEASINGLY DESCRIBED.

HE who, in his youth, improves his *intellectual* powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge ; and refines and strengthens his *moral* and *active* powers by the love of virtue, for the service of his friends, his country, and mankind ; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for *social*, and softened by virtuous love for *domestic* life ; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who to all these adds a sober masculine *piety*, equally remote from *superstition* and *enthusiasm* ; that MAN enjoys the most agreeable *youth* ; and lays in the richest fund for the honourable *action*, and *happy* enjoyment of the *succeeding periods* of life.

HE who, in MANHOOD, keeps the *passions* under due restraint* ; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships ; who seeks after *fame*, *wealth*, and *power*, in the road of *truth* and *virtue* ; and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them ; who in his *private* character and connexions, gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions ; and in his *public* character and connexions serves his country and mankind, in the most upright and disinterested manner ; who, in fine, enjoys the *goods* of life with
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* The gratifications of vicious passions are always inflamed by enjoyment, and cloy with repetition.

the greatest *moderation*†, bears its *ills* with Christian *fortitude*; and in those various circumstances of *duty* and *trial* maintains and expresses an habitual *reverence* and *love of God*; THAT MAN is the *worthiest* character in *this stage* of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the most easy and honourable *old age*.

FINALLY, HE, who, in the DECLINE OF LIFE, preserves himself most exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cherishes *kind and benevolent affections*; uses his *experience, wisdom, and authority* in the most *fatherly and venerable* manner; doing acts under a *sense* of the *inspection*, and with a view to the *approbation* of his *Maker*; is constantly aspiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; THIS is the *happiest OLD-MAN*.

Such a truly good man may have some enemies, but he will have more friends; and having given many marks of private friendship or public virtue, he can hardly be destitute of a patron to protect, or a sanctuary to entertain him, or to protect or entertain his children when he is gone. Though he should have little else to leave them, he bequeaths them the fairest, and generally the most unenvied inheritance of a *good name*; which, like good seed sown in the field of futurity, will often

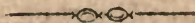
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† The truly good man is satisfied from himself, his desires are moderate, his wants few; he is cautious without being jealous or distrustful; careful but not anxious, busy but not distracted; he tastes pleasure without being vicious, and bears pain and affliction without dejection or discontent; is raised to power without turning giddy, and feels calamity without repining; being well assured that his heavenly Father will either sustain him under his troubles, or direct and over-rule them for his greatest good.

raise up unsolicited friends, and yield a benevolent harvest of unexpected charities.

But should the fragrance of the parent's virtue prove offensive to a perverse or envious age, or even draw down persecution on the friendless orphans; there is *One* in heaven, who will be more than a father to them, and recompense their parent's virtues by showering down blessings on them. The thoughts of leaving them in such good hands, sustain the honest parent, and make him smile even in the agonies of death; being secure, that that Almighty Friend, who has dispensed such a profusion of bounties to himself, cannot prove an unkind guardian, or an unfaithful trustee to his fatherless offspring.



ON FLATTERY AND TRUTH.

Stop not to flatter, tho' thou art paid for it.

There is nothing which the majority of the world is more fond of than flattery. This adds inexpressible delight to weak minds, displays the most enticing objects in false colours, and too often gains the victory over sincerity and truth. Where it once gains access, we soon become enamoured with it, and foolishly transported with its delusive and ensnaring arts. Absurd indeed! that men should be captivated with so vain a phantom!

Though flattery may afford us a transient pleasure, yet it is as incomparable to truth as light is to darkness. Experience convinces us that the one cannot deceive

deceive us, whereas the other is of the most deceitful nature, acquires a numerous train of apparent friends, by its enticing delusions, and would, if possible, gain the predominancy over every individual; it exhibits every thing delightful to our conception, and endavours to entangle us by every artifice. But how different is sincerity or truth ! This inestimable quality is truly beneficial to all. He who uses this, lives free from perplexing anxiety and solicitude.

His mind is calm and serene, his heart void of any false imaginations, and he enjoys scenes of undisturbed repose. Though flattery may for a time win the affections, yet it is built upon so ill-grounded a basis, that it is always in danger of falling, and being exposed to public derision. Whereas truth is blameless and well established ; entertains us with a prospect of future tranquility, and makes us ever to abound in the fruits of solid joy and inward peace.



CHARACTER

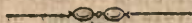
OF A

TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A DECENT mein, and elegance of dress,
Words, which at ease each winning grace express ;
A life, where love with polish'd wisdom shines,
Where wisdom's self again by love refines ;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim, disgust ;
The manners gentle and the heart humane,

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A nature truly great, but never vain.
 A wit, that no licentious pertness knows,
 The sense, that unassuming candour shows;
 Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
 Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
 Knowledge of human life, of learning too,
 Thence taste, and truth, which will from taste ensue;
 A just discernment, with a judgment clear,
 A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
 An humble, though an elevated mind,
 Its greatest pleasure but to serve mankind:
 These will esteem and admiration raise,
 Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise.

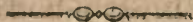


GRANDEUR NOT NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT true felicity can greatness give us, that is not to be met with in a *middle* station of life? Whoever knows how to limit himself to a *moderate* fortune is truly rich. If a man measures his necessities by nature, he will never be poor; if by opinion, he will never be rich. A man need not to be a philosopher to condemn grandeur, and to know that riches are of little use to the attainment of *true* happiness.

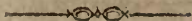
He need only examine what such wealth and grandeur amount to in the end; for if it be evident to him that they cannot procure *real* felicity, but are often pernicious to the owners, he will then be convinced that a state of life wherein a person has what is truly necessary, is far preferable to a state of superfluity and grandeur. . . .



THE

THE DICTATES OF EXPERIENCE.

THE evils of life, however generally inveighed against, are mostly of our *own* creating, and to be surmounted at pleasure by a little resolution ; the goods of it, such as really deserve the name, are within the reach of most people ; and for the rest, a little Christian resignation is an ample *succedaneum*. —“ How many things are there in this world that I do not want !” said the philosopher. “ How few things are there,” replies Folly, “ but what I am in absolute need of !” —*Probatum est*.



ON MODESTY,

WITH ITS EFFECTS.

MODESTY may justly be accounted either a virtue or a vice ; or rather, when it is blameable, a foolish bashfulness ; for then it betrays us into many inconveniences. How many have been undone because they have not had boldness enough to deny the request of a *professed* friend ! Modesty, in real friendship, may be called a vice, when it lets the man we esteem run into absurdities, for fear of displeasing him by telling him his faults.

In all accidents of life, a man may have too much or too little modesty ; but he that has too much will always suffer the most ; foolish simplicity hurts itself, while daring impudence, in spite of all opposition, will push its way through the world. Even

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what is called bashfulness is commended by all, but boldness, though it may not have so much commendation, has more reward : yet, if modesty is not advantageous for profit, it is for virtue ; for it is a thing contradictory in itself to suppose, that a modest person can be a *wicked* one.

It is certain that many had been bad that are not, if they had not been bridled by a bashful nature ; for there are many that have hearts for vice who have not a face for it. Modesty, when a virtue, restrains us from licentious company and bad enterprises ; it teaches us to esteem merit ; it awes the uncivil tongue ; prevents a man from vain boasting ; and makes a wise man not to scorn but to pity a fool.



THE HAPPY MAN.

IN all the different schemes mankind pursue,
The end's the same : 'tis *happiness* in view :
For this, the mariner, while breaking waves
Threat instant death, the dang'rous passage brave ;
For this th' astrologer, whole sleepless nights
Fix'd to the tube, explores the starry lights ;
For this, the miser hoards his shining pelf,
And to be *richly* happy starves himself ;
For this, some tread the slipp'ry paths of state,
And fancy bliss annex'd to being great ;
Others to diff'rent pleasures give the reins,
While disappointment crowns their fruitless pains.
All are deceiv'd who *here* expect to find
Aught that can satisfy the human mind.

Search thro' the world you'll find ther's nothing
can.

Afford.

Afford the proper happiness of man,
 That Power alone who gave all beings birth:
 Who form'd the heavens, and upholds the earth,
 Whose word first made, whose mercy still sustains
 Those worlds unknown, o'er which his justice reigns,
 Whose smiles create eternal joy and peace,
 Is the true centre of unfading bliss.

That man alone obtains the end desir'd,
 Whose bosom with immortal love is fir'd ;
 Who follows happiness in virtue's road,
 And steadily obeys the will of God ;
 Who will by no temptation be betray'd ;
 Nor can by fear of punishment be sway'd ;
 Whose first design is stedfastly pursu'd,
 To seek his Maker as his chiefest good :
 Who by God's holy word his way directs,
 Watches each word, and every thought inspects ;
 Gives up his own to his Creator's mind,
 To act, or suffer, is alike resign'd—

This man (of Heaven's protection ever sure)
 While thousands fall around, shall stand secure ;
 While those who plac'd their happiness below,
 Shall wake from dreams of bliss to endless woe.

He shall thro' life be happy, and when death,
 In ghastly form, demands his fleeting breath,
 Th' expected summons he will gladly hear,
 While conscious virtue dissipates his fear ;
 Safely he'll venture thro' the darksome way,
 The destin'd passage to eternal day ;
 And crown'd with glory which shall never fade,
 Enjoy in heaven that God he here obey'd*.

THE

* Hence learn the real Christian is the only happy man on earth.

THE RURAL VICAR :

A FRAGMENT.

BEING last summer on a tour to the North, I was one evening arrested in my progress, at the entrance of a small rural hamlet, by breaking the fore wheel of my phaeton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the next town, from which I was now *sixteen* miles distant ; I directed my steps to a little cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbour sat a man about *sixty* years of age, who was solacing himself with a pipe of tobacco.

In the front of his house was affixed a small board which I conceived to contain an intimation, that travellers might there be accommodated. Addressing myself, therefore, to the old man, I requested his assistance, which he readily granted ; but on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his house all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more so, as there was no inn in the village. It was not till now that I discovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification, that my friend was a schoolmaster, and probably secretary to the hamlet.

Affairs were in this situation, when the Vicar made his appearance. He was about *seventy*, and one of the most venerable figures I had ever seen ; his time-silvered locks shaded his temples, whilst the lines of misfortune were, alas ! but too visible in his countenance. Time had in some measure softened, but could not efface them. On seeing my broken equipage, he addressed me ; and when he began to speak, his countenance was illumined by a smile. " I presume, Sir," said he, " that the accident you have just

just met with, will render it impossible for you to proceed. Should that be the case, you will be much distressed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodation for travellers, as my parishioners are neither willing nor able to support an ale-house ; and as we have but few travellers pass this way, we have little need of one ; but if you will accept the best accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your service."

After expressing the grateful sense I entertained of his goodness, I joyfully accepted so desirable an offer. As we entered the hamlet, the sun was gilding with his departing beams the village spire, whilst a gentle breeze refreshed the weary hinds, who, seated beneath the venerable oaks that overshadowed their rustic cottages, were happily reposing themselves after the sylvan labours of the day.

The Vicar's house was small, with a thatched roof: the front was entirely covered with woodbines and honey suckles, which strongly scented the circumambient air. A grove of ancient oaks surrounded the house, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook, that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the distant barkings of the trusty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the hamlet, all conspired to entertain the eye, please the ear, and excite the most agreeable sensations.

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THE

OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

A PATHETIC NARRATIVE,

TAKEN FROM AN INCIDENT WHICH REALLY

HAPPENED A FEW YEARS AGO.

BEING upon a visit to a friend near York, as I was one day walking on the bridge in company with some ladies, a grey-haired old man came towards us; he supported himself with a stick; appeared so lame, that he could scarcely walk, and was followed by a little terrier. On approaching us, he said, "Good ladies, will you buy my dog?" The ladies answering, that they did not want a dog; he came up to me, and said in a more pressing manner, and with a more supplicating tone of voice: "Sir, I beseech you buy my dog!" On my answering likewise that I did not want one, the old man remained a few minutes leaning on his stick; and looking at me with an air of disappointment, seemed to reproach me for declining his request, and then uttering a deep sigh continued his journey.

As he walked on slowly, before he was out of sight, Louisa, one of the young ladies, whispered me, "Pray Sir, go after him, and buy his dog, for the poor man seems in distress." I accordingly called the old man back, and asked him what was the price of the dog?—"What you please," he returned. "Here is a crown," I replied; "if that will satisfy you, take it, and leave me your dog."—"The dog is yours," said the old man, "and God bless you with it."—"But," said I, "he will never follow me; how shall I prevent

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vent his escape?"—"True" replied the old man, "he must be tied, or he will follow *me*." He then untied his garter, called "*Trim*," took him up in his arms, and placed him upon the parapet of the bridge; while he was fastening the garter round his neck, I perceived the hands of the old man trembling, which I imputed to his age; for his countenance did not change. Having fastened the knot, he inclined his head towards the dog, and fixing his mouth upon his body, remained for a few minutes in that posture motionless and without uttering a single word. I approached him, and said, "Friend, what is the matter?"—"Nothing," he answered, "but what will soon be forgotten!" and I observed his cheek wet with tears. "You seem," said I, "to regret parting with your dog."—"Alas! it is truly so; he is the only friend I have in the world; we have never been separated from each other. He was my guard on the road when I was asleep; and whenever he saw me fatigued and suffering, the poor creature licked my face, and seemed to ease my pain with his caresses; he loves me so much, that it is but natural I should love him in return. But all this is nothing to you, he is now yours:" and he offered me the garter which he had just fastened round his neck.

"You must have a very bad opinion of me," said I, "if you think that I am capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and the only friend you have in the world." He seemed affected and offered to return the crown; but I told him to keep the money and the dog too. Before I could prevent him, the old man threw himself upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Good Sir, I owe you my life; hunger had reduced me to the most extreme necessity."—

These expressions urged my curiosity; and leading

ing him from one question to another, I collected the following account : "Thank heaven," he said, "I have lived *fifty* years by the labour of my hands, and yesterday, for the first time in my life, I asked charity. I am by trade a carpenter, and was settled at Catterick, till on chopping a piece of wood, I cut my leg with an axe, and have been since incapable of working. I am now going to Sheffield, where I have a son, who is employed in the manufactures, and who will not let me want for any thing. But as the journey is long, and I can scarcely drag myself along on account of my wound, I have spent the little money which I had been able to save, and am obliged to beg for sustenance : though, as I do not look poor, I got but little ; and being exhausted with hunger, I had nothing but my poor dog."

Here his voice failed him ; and his sobs prevented him from continuing. "At your age," I replied, "and in this hot weather, and with a bad leg, I cannot suffer you to continue so long a journey on foot ; you will inflame your wound, and render it incurable. Follow me ; Providence here offers you an asylum, where you will find rest, assistance, and perhaps a cure," The old man said nothing, but untying his dog, followed me to the infirmary. Fortunately the surgeon happened to be in the house, and on mentioning the poor man's situation, he immediately looked at the wound, which was highly inflamed with the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of the journey. "It is fortunate," said the surgeon, "that he did not continue his journey a few hours later, as he must have lost his leg, but I can now cure it."—"He will then get well?" said I. "Yes," replied the surgeon ; "I will answer for the cure, provided he will continue perfectly quiet."

As he was going up stairs, followed by his faithful

ful terrier, the porter laid hold of *Trim*, and was preparing to carry him out of the house. "*Trim*," said the old man, "may not poor *Trim* follow me?"—"It is against the rules of the house," returned the matron, "to admit any dogs into the wards."—"Alas," replied the old man, "*Trim* will not be happy if he is not with me, and I shall not be happy if he is unhappy."—"It is a pity to part good friends," exclaimed the surgeon; "I am convinced that my patient will soon get well, if *Trim* and he are not parted." Then, turning to the matron, "For once," he said, "let us break through the rules of the house. If *Trim* behaves well, let him stay by his master's bed."—"I will answer," returned the old man, "for *Trim's* behaviour; he will lie by me whole hours without stirring from his situation, and if he may be suffered to follow me, I am sure he will be as quiet as a mouse."

These words interested every one in favour of *Trim*; the porter instantly set him down, *Trim* bounded up stairs with great agility, and as if aware of what had passed, fawned upon the surgeon, and then quietly followed his master.

Having thus left the old man and his dog in such good hands, I returned to the company, and related all that had passed: all pitied the poor man, and rejoiced at the hopes of his recovery; but Louisa first put half a guinea into my hands; the remainder of the company followed her example, some gave more and some less; and I undertook to be the old man's treasurer.

Meanwhile the story circulated, and every one wished to hear the tale of the *Old Man and his Dog Trim*. In repeating it I particularly dwelt upon the crown which I offered for the dog, and several ironically admired the excess of my generosity.

Louisa would say, "Only a *crown* for so inestimable a dog!" and her opinion was sure to be adopted by the generality of the company. "And you, Sir," I would say, "and you, Madam, how much would you have given?" Each person mentioned the sum which they would have contributed, augmenting or diminishing it according to the sensibility of their hearts; or the impression which the recital had made upon them. "Well," I replied, "the old man is not far from hence, and you may now contribute what you would have given in my place."

By these means their charity was excited by emulation; a comfortable sum was obtained; the old man recovered, and I conducted him to the mansion-house, almost as lively and as frisky as his dog. Both were received with general satisfaction, poor *Trim* was the most taken notice of: in his life he never received so many caresses, and from none more than from the charming Louisa. *Trim* was at first confounded, but he soon appeared as if he knew why he was so much caressed. The old man dined and supped in the servants' hall, with *Trim* by his side.

The next morning, he came to take leave of me; I put into his hands the collection that had been made for him; and in vain I assured him that I had contributed nothing. "I can never forget," exclaimed he, "that I owe you every thing:" in saying these words he endeavoured to throw himself at my feet; in struggling to prevent him, he threw himself into my arms, and we embraced and bid adieu to each other, as if we had been old friends. "Sir," said he, "you have loaded me with favours, but I shall ask of you another favour; you have embraced me, will you condescend to kiss *Trim*? I shall be happy to acquaint my son that
you

you have kissed my dog. Come, *Trim* come, the gentleman will do you the honour to caress you." *Trim* rose upon his hind legs, and pawed me with his fore feet as I stooped down to pat him ; and as I inclined my head, the figure of the old man inclining his head on the dog as I was then doing, and thinking that he was embracing him for the last time, presented itself so forcibly to my imagination, that the tears started from my eyes. " Ah !" exclaimed the old man, " ah ! you love *Trim*, I see ; keep him ; he is still your's." " No, my good friend," I replied, " go, and the blessing of God attend you. I now feel myself happier than I deserve, and be assured that the image of you and your dog will never be effaced from my recollection."

At this moment Louisa entered the room with a plate of meat for the dog. She set it down before him, and while *Trim* was feeding, she tied round his neck a rose-coloured ribband. I said to the old man, " There is the person to whom your thanks are due ; without her I should never have bought your dog ; without her you would never have been cured ; and without her your little favourite *Trim* would not have been decorated with this rose-coloured collar." The old man, instantly taking up his dog, placed it in Louisa's arms. " *Trim*, here is your mistress : this, madam, is the only recompence in my power to make for your kind favours ;" and seeing the dog struggling to get loose, he added, " *Trim* is not fond of strangers, but soon becomes attached to those he knows, and who are kind to him. He is not handsome, but he is a good creature. I am happy in procuring for him a kind and affectionate mistress." So saying, he drew his hand across his eyes, and quitted the door. Louisa, holding the dog in her arms, continued stroking and caressing it ; but when the creature

creature, instead of returning her caresses, struggled to get loose, she opened the house-door, and putting the dog upon the ground, *Trim* immediately ran after his master, and soon overtook him. The old man stoped, took him up in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom ; then taking off his hat, and waving it as a token of satisfaction and gratitude, hastened his pace, and in a few minutes both he and *Trim* were out of sight.



THE WHISTLE,

BY DOCTOR FRANKLIN :

A TRUE STORY,

WRITTEN TO HIS NEPHEW.

WHEN I was a child, about seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with half-pence. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children ; but being charmed with the sound of the whistle, that I met with by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with
the

the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This however was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Do not give too much for the *whistle*;" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who "gave too much for the whistle."

When I saw any one ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees; his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle*."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; "He pays, indeed," says I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth: "Poor man," says I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

N 2

When

* If you wish to be happy, be not fond of honours, ambitious of power, covetous of riches, or a slave to pleasure.

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations ; “ Mistaken man,” says I, “ you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure : you give too much for your whistle.”

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison ; “ Alas,” says I, “ he has paid dear, *very* dear for his whistle.”

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband : “ What a pity it is,” says I, “ that she has paid so much for a whistle !”

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them, by the false estimate they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles*.

THE



THE BENEFITS

OF

WISDOM AND REPUTATION,

IN THE COMMON AFFAIRS OF HUMAN LIFE.

IT is a just observation of a great man, that among all the complaints which are generally made for want of the good things of life, no man ever complains for want of *wisdom*.—People will readily enough allow that others excel them in person, fortune, rank, or learning; and will even think it a hardship that they have not received so plentiful a distribution of those things as their neighbours; but, as to *wisdom* (or a prudent management of ourselves in worldly affairs), every man sits down fully contented with his own share; and is so far from envying his neighbour's excellence, that he rather pities or despises him for want of that ample portion which he thinks has been administered to himself.

Our conduct may be considered in the general, as respecting ourselves, and our fellow-creatures; by the first we consult our private ease and convenience; by the second, our public character, or reputation; which constitute the sum and substance of the good things of life.

A man who takes care to preserve a general good character, will hardly fail of compassing his ends some time or other. On the contrary, an ill name hangs over a man like the naked sword over the head of Democles, and he can never be secure that it will not fall upon him. There are, indeed, instances of men, who by (what is generally styled) a good lit
in

in business, or by the aid of a great fortune, go on and flourish in the world, though every one that knows them, both speaks and thinks ill of them; and of others, who are universally esteemed and commended for their diligence and affability, and yet unsuccessful in their attempts and designs*; but these persons must be styled exceptions to a general rule.

Sincerity and punctuality are two qualities that add a wonderful lustre to our reputation among our neighbours and acquaintance. It will oftentimes cost a man very great trouble, and bring him to many inconveniences, to keep up those characters; but be the pains ever so great, the reward is answerable.

If a man should hear himself blamed for any proceedings in his conduct relating to his private affairs, he may possibly have good reason to comfort himself with the belief, that those who censure him, on this account, are mistaken. But if he finds himself disliked for any defect in his outward behaviour, such as for being *ill-natured, morose, affected, conceited*, or any such faults as may render him disagreeable or ridiculous, he has a great deal of reason to attend to such reflections, and carefully to examine his conduct by them, in order to reform himself; because such things come very properly under the cognizance of those we have to do with: and, instead of being offended, as men are very apt to be upon such occasions, every one ought to treasure up such animadversions with great care; and look upon them as choice admonitions, and useful rules, to direct their behaviour by for the future.

TRUE.

* The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; success is only of the Lord, who is the rewarder of all those who diligently seek him.

TRUE HAPPINESS :

AN ESSAY.

WHOEVER neglects to reflect how happy he is, in order to consider how much happier he might be, by comparing his own situation with that of others, ingeniously contrives to torment himself, and opens a perpetual source of misery and discontent. He will never be at peace, since it is impossible for riches, beauty, strength, wisdom, power, and every other blessing, to centre in *one* man ; and, in truth, if such an union were possible, he would still remain in the same unhappy situation ; as the disquietude of his temper would lead him to reflect, that he still wanted many qualities inherent in other animals ; and would perhaps point out to him a subject for envy, even in a *lion*, or a *butterfly*.

Man would be a much happier being if he did not so industriously endeavour to draw misfortunes and calamities upon himself.

The greatest curse that heaven can entail on men, is to leave them entirely to themselves, to gratify all their idle wishes and desires. They do not foresee the consequences of the things they ask for. When they wish for pleasure, they do not think of disease and death ; and when they desire wealth or honour, they forget the snares and temptations which attend the possession of them.

The lowest situation in life has its peculiar comforts and conveniences, and if it shares not in the splendour

dour of prosperity, it is also free from its numerous solitudes*.

Happiness is perhaps more equally distributed than is generally imagined; and whoever is disappointed in his views of elevation and greatness, is sheltered likewise from the cares and anxieties, which attend the rich, and protected from the envy and malevolence that wait on the ambitious.

Every station has its inconveniencies, and it is better to bear with those we are accustomed to endure, and of which we know the utmost extent, than by aiming at the seeming advantages of another way of life, to subject ourselves also to its miseries, which may perhaps be greater than those we groan under at present.

Wish not for wealth, nor grandeur prize;

True happiness in *Contentment* lies.

THE BENEFITS

OF

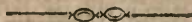
CONTENTMENT.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

LET your most fervent and daily prayers to heaven be directed for the greatest blessings of human life, the blessings of *virtue* and *content*. How soon my dear young

* 'Tho' hardships may the poor pursue,
The rich have cares and troubles too. W.

young friend, will a right sense of what is really a sufficiency teach you to smile at the boundless desires of ambition, the idle pomp of greatness, and the superfluous wants of an inordinate fancy ! if you can but once have that command over your passions, either for *dress, diversions*, or all the *et ceteras* in the catalogue of juvenile desires, as to say unto them, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther ;" then will you acquire all that is most to be desired ; a serenity undisturbed by imaginary wants, a peace, which passeth all the tumults of fortune and giddiness of gaiety : a philosophy built upon the soul's conviction, and strengthened by the ennobling sentiments of Christianity.



THE
PLEASURES AND PURSUITS
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

AN ESSAY.

"O with what joy would I resign my breath !
The Wretch exclaims, and prays for instant death ;
The fiend approaching, he inverts his pray'r,
O grant me life, and double all my care !"

Man is continually complaining of the cares and miseries of life, and yet dreading nothing so much as the approach of death to his relief. A wise and good man knows, that care must be more or less his portion in this life, and that it is his duty to endure it with patience and resignation. Labour, poverty,
and

and diseases, with numberless disappointments in our several pursuits, must be expected and sustained; and he is the best and happiest man, who neither wishes for the approach of death, nor is afraid to meet it*.

There is an analogy between the circumstances of the highest and the lowest among mankind, which is very much calculated to flatter that pride and vanity so incident to human nature. The same parts are acted, but in a different sphere, by a circle of courtiers and a company of beggars.

One man is perhaps the wonder of all the known world, another is the admiration of a particular country, another is the pride of a great city, and another is the first character in a village. All these shine illustriously, and with proper dignity and splendour in their several orbs: but shuffle them out of their stations, place the villager at the head of an immense army, and confine the hero within the boundaries of a little town, perhaps they would both appear ridiculous.

The laugh however will always run strongest against *him*, that elevates himself to a dignity which he cannot support; and though he might be applauded within his own narrow circle, when he comes on the grand theatre of the world, he cannot fail to be universally derided.

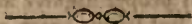
The mind of man is not formed for unremitted attention, nor his body for uninterrupted labour; and we can no more go through any business requiring intense thought, without unbending the mind, and relaxing it from the fatigue of contemplation, than

* Nothing can accomplish this, but the dictates of religion.

than we can perform a long journey without refreshing ourselves by due rest at the several stages of it.

The faculties, always kept on the stretch, lose their tone and vigour, and become dull and languid. The mind is formed for contemplation, the body for exercise; but continual labour would destroy both. We should not therefore be ashamed to relax at proper intervals; and as the Sabbath renews the strength of the peasants, and fits them to return to their labours with fresh cheerfulness; so a little holiday in our studies qualifies us to pursue them with fresh assiduity, and greater probability of success.

Meditate, but flight not labour;
Labour, but flight not meditation.



CHEMES OF LIFE DEFEATED BY IRRESOLUTION.

AN EASTERN TALE.

OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive Califfs had filled his house with riches, and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his approach.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel, and the fragrant flower passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the Califf the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder

mainder of his days, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the poor whom he relieved.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late : he was beautiful and eloquent ; Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened with admiration and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are no longer necessary or useful to thee ; impart to me therefore the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan on which thy wisdom has built thy fame.

"Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my *twentieth* year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head—*Seventy* years are allowed to man ; I have yet fifty remaining : *ten* years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries ; I shall be learned, and consequently shall be honoured ; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my acquaintance. *Twenty* years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in fresh accumulations of intellectual wealth, I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

"I will

"I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten-track of common life, but will try what can be found in *female* conversation. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, never to depend on the smiles of princes; nor stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life in my *younger* days.

"The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor suffered any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour and most engaging pleasure; yet day stole on day, and month glided after month, till I found that *seven* years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home? I therefore immured myself at home for *four* years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my knowledge reached even the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the supreme Califf. I was heard with attention, I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

"I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved.

resolved to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty ; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude ; but I proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

“ In my *fiftieth* year I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in *domestic* pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated ; till the *sixty-second* year made me ashamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.——

“ Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequences. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement ; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city ; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried ; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat.”——



AN

OLD MAN'S ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

BY THE LATE JONAS HANWAY, ESQ.

Let none on *future* time rely,
For none can be too young to die. W.

YOU will not be surprised that I should *preach* ;
I am descending into the vale of years ; *you* are go-
ing

ing up the hill, to take a view of what I have often seen. Many a long day have I beheld the vanities of of the world. Many of the faults of others are obvious to me ; and so are some of my own. Things wear a different aspect in your eyes : If I now officiously intrude on your gayer hours, I remind you that it is not always *spring* nor *summer*.

You expect in due time to reach the *winter* of your days ; and what do you imagine will *then* contribute most to your comfort, and brighten your prospect beyond the grave ? You have my sincerest wishes that your hopes may always blossom in the fullest charms of vernal beauty, till in the great progress of human wisdom, your passions being lulled to rest, your enjoyments may become pure as the limpid stream, bright as the meridian sun, and calm as a summer sea. Some degree of sorrow is the lot of every mortal ; but I trust that *your prosperity* will never be impaired by the want of virtue, nor your *adversity* be devoid of solid consolation.

Ere long you must deliver up your material part to be the sport of elements ; but as Nature in her yearly course, restores the beauty of the *fairest flowers*, though appearing irrevocably lost, your frame being dissolved, will again unite with your angelic spirit ; and both together I hope, be made perfectly happy in the realms of everlasting bliss and glory,

Tho' age *must* die, youth also *may*,
O then prepare without delay,
For death and for the judgment day. W. }

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

BEING AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

WHEREVER right conceptions of God and his providence prevail, when he is considered as the inexhausted source of light, love, and joy ; as acting in the joint characters of a *father* and *governor*, imparting an endless variety of capacities to his creatures, and supplying them with every thing necessary to their full completion and happiness ; what veneration and gratitude must such conceptions, thoroughly believed, excite in the human mind ? How natural and delightful must it be to one whose heart is open to the perception of truth, and of every thing *fair, great, and wonderful* in nature, to contemplate and adore him, who is the first *fair*, the first *great*, and first *wonderful* : in whom *wisdom, power, and goodness* dwell vitally, essentially, originally, and act in perfect concert ? What *grandeur* is here to fill the most enlarged capacity ! what *beauty* to engage the most ardent love ! what a mass of *wonders* in such exuberance of perfection, to astonish and delight the soul of man through an eternal duration !

If the *Deity* is considered as our supreme *guardian* and *benefactor* ; as the *Father of Mercies*, who loves his creatures with infinite tenderness, and, in a particular manner, all *good* men, nay, all who delight in goodness even in its most imperfect degrees ; what resignation, what dependance, what generous confidence, what hope in God and his all-wise Providence, must arise in the soul that is possessed of such amiable

ble views of him ? All those exercises of piety, and above all a superlative esteem and love, are directed to God as to their *natural*, their *ultimate*, and indeed their only *adequate* object* ; and though the immense obligations we are under to him, for all the benefits he hath bestowed upon us, may excite more lively feelings of divine goodness, than a general and abstracted contemplation of it ; yet the affections of *gratitude* and *love* are of themselves of the generous, disinterested kind, not the result of self-interest, or views of reward.

A perfect character, in which we always suppose infinite goodness, guided by unerring wisdom, and supported by almighty power, is the only proper object of perfect and universal love. Whoever indulges such noble and just sentiments and affections towards the great Creator, must be confirmed in the love of virtue ; in a desire to imitate its all-perfect Pattern ; and in a cheerful security and confidence that all his most important concerns, as well as those of his friends and of the universe at large shall be absolutely safe under the conduct of his unerring wisdom and unbounded goodness. It is in his care and providence alone, that the good man, who is anxious for the happiness of all, finds perfect serenity ; a serenity neither ruffled by partial ill, not soured by private disappointment.

FORDYCE.

THE

* The duties we owe to God, as our Creator, Preserver, and daily benefactor, are reverence, gratitude, love, obedience, resignation, dependance, worship, and praise.

THE
 SUBLIME NATURE AND ADVANTAGES
 OF
 RELIGION.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness !

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

RELIGION is the daughter of Heaven, parent of our virtues, and source of all true felicity ; she alone giveth peace and contentment, divests the heart of anxious cares, bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the pious breast. By her the spirits of darkness are banished from the earth, and angelic ministers of grace thicken unseen the regions of mortality. She promotes love and good-will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded spirit, dissipates the gloom of sorrow, sweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the sting of death, and wherever seen, felt, and enjoyed, breathes around her an everlasting spring. Religion raises men above themselves ; irreligion sinks them beneath the brutes ; the one makes them angels, the other makes them devils ; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable speck of perishable earth ; *that* opens up a vista to the skies, and lets loose all the principles of an immortal mind, among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

Lift up thy head, O Christian ! and look foward
 to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, unfullied by
 vapours,

vapours, unruffled by storms ; where celestial friendship, the loveliest form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools ! Ere long thou shalt burst this brittle earthly prison of the body, break through the fetters of mortality, spring to endless life, and mingle with the skies. Corruption has but a limited duration. Happiness is even now in the bud : a few days, weeks, or *years* at most, and that bud shall be fully blown. Here virtue droops under a thousand pressures ; but, like the earth with the returning spring, shall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, and rise and reign in never-fading and undiminished lustre. It does not signify what thy prospects now are ; or what thy situation now is. In the present world thy heart, indeed, may sob and bleed its last, before thou shalt meet with one, who has either the generosity to relieve, or the humanity to pity thee. Thou hast, however, in the compassionate Parent of creation, a most certain resource in the deepest extremity. Cast thine eyes but a little beyond this strange, mysterious, and perplexing scene, which at present intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow stamped in the darkest cloud that lowers in the face of heaven, and the whole surrounding hemisphere brightening as thou approachest !

Say, does not yon blessed opening, which overlooks the dark dominion of the grave, more than compensate all the sighs and sufferings, which chequer the present, intervening scene ? Lo ! there thy long-lost friend, who still lives in thy remembrance, whose presence gave thee more delight than all that life could afford, and whose absence cost thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away—beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayest be also. “ Here,” he says, “ dwell unmingled pleasures, unpolluted joys, inextinguishable love, immortal,

tal, unbounded, and unmolested friendship. All the sorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been ; and nothing lives in heaven, but pure unadulterated devotion. Our hearts, swelled with rapture, cease to murmur ; our breasts, warm with gratitude, cease to sigh ; our eyes, charmed with celestial visions, to shed tears ; our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to tremble ; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache. We are just as safe as infinite power, as joyful as infinite fulness, and as happy as infinite goodness, can make us. Ours is peace without molestation, plenty without want, health without sickness, day without night, pleasure without pain, and life without the least mixture or dread of dissolution."

Happy thou, to whom the present life has no charm, for which thou canst wish it to be protracted ! Thy troubles will soon vanish like a dream, which mocks the power of memory ; and what signify all the shocks which thy delicate and feeling spirit can meet with in this transitory world ? A few moments longer, and thy complaints will be for ever at an end ; thy diseases of body and mind shall be felt no more ; the ungenerous hints of churlish relations shall distress, fortune frown, and futurity intimidate, no more. Then shall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive strains of melancholy, but happily attuned to songs of gladness, mingle with the hosts of heaven, in the last and sweetest anthem that ever mortals or immortal sung, " O Death ! where is thy sting ? O Grave ! where is thy victory ?—Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ;—Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sits on the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

THE
ADDRESS OF A SKELETON,TO
MANKIND IN GENERAL,

AND WELL DESERVING THE REGARD OF ALL.

WHY start ? the case is yours, or will be soon,
Some *years* perhaps, perhaps another moon ;
Life at its utmost span is but a breath,
And they who longest dream must wake at death*.
Like you I once thought every bliss secure,
And gold, of every ill the certain cure ;
Till steep'd in sorrow and besieg'd with pain,
Too late I found all earthly riches vain.
Disease with scorn threw back the sordid fee,
And Death too answer'd, " What is gold to me ?"
Fame, titles, honours, these I vainly fought,
And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought ;
Circled with brib'd applause and purchas'd praise,
I built on endless raptures endless days ;
Till death awak'd me from my dream of pride,
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.

Pleasure

* O ye sons and daughters of mortality ! ye candidates of pleasure and votaries of dissipation, whether young or old, rich or poor, noble or unknown ! remember, in the midst of life ye are in death ; ere another morning ye may be summoned to appear before God in judgment---and what think ye will be your final and everlasting doom !

Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste,
 While every day did yield some new repast;
 A loathsome carcase was my constant care,
 And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.

Go on, vain man? to luxury be firm,
 But know thou featest but to feast a *worm**.
 Farewell; remember, nor my words despise,
 The only happy are the early wise.



THE
 CHOICE AND CRITERION
 OF
 TRUE PIETY.

Search the Scriptures.

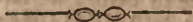
WOULD you wish, amidst the great variety of religious systems in vogue, to make a right distinction, and prefer the *best*? Recollect the character of Christ; keep a steady eye on that universal and permanent good-will to men, in which he lived, by which he suffered, and for which he died. What now would you expect from a mind so purely and habitually benign? Is it possible to suppose, that a heart thus warm and wide could harbour a narrow wish, or utter a partial sentiment? Most luckily, in this point the fullest satisfaction

* Job, xxv. 6. Psalm, xxii. 6.

satisfaction is in every man's power. Go, search the religion he has left, to the bottom, not in those artificial theories, which have done it the most essential injury ; nor in their manner who assume his name, but overlook his example, and who are talking for ever about the merits of his death, at the expence of those virtues which adorned his life ; not in those wild and romantic opinions, which, to make us Christians, would make us fools : but in those inspired writings, and in those alone, which contain his genuine history and his blessed gospel ; and which, in the most peculiar and exclusive sense, are the words of eternal life.

Read the Scriptures then as you would the LAST WILL of some deceased friend, in which you expected a large bequest ; and tell me, in the sincerity of your soul, what you see there to circumscribe the social affections, to quash the risings of benevolence, or to check the generous effusions of humanity. Little-ness of mind and narrowness of temper were certainly no parts of our Saviour's character ; and he enjoins nothing which he did not himself uniformly and minutely exemplify. Strange ! that an institution, which begins and ends in benignity, should be prostituted to countenance the workings of malevolent passions, should produce animosities among those whom it was intended to unite ! But there is not a corruption in the humane heart which has not sometimes borrowed the garb of religion. Christianity, however is not the less precious to the honest, because knaves and hypocrites have so long abused her ; and, let bigots and sceptics say what they please, she softens and enlarges the heart, warms and impregnates the mind of man, as certainly, and as sensibly, as the sun does the earth.

'THIS CRITERION is as obvious as it is decisive. True humility and benevolence are always acceptable, and always known. Whoever would be thought pious, without these genuine signatures of piety ; be his behaviour as starch, and his face as sad and sanctimonious as he will, mark him down for nothing but a *hypocrite*. He alone whose bosom swells with the milk of human kindness, who would not say or do any thing to hurt another for a world ; whose daily aim and disposition is to live soberly, righteously, and godly, whatever system he may adopt, lives under the visible influence of true goodness. Esteem him as a brother and a kinsman : the same spirit which lives in you, lives in him : the divine image is stamped on him, as well as upon you ; and he copies that amiable pattern and example, which leads all its followers to immortality and everlasting bliss.



AN

INTERESTING EPISTLE

FROM

A MARRIED GENTLEMAN

TO

HIS WIFE.

MORE than *twenty* years have elapsed, my dearest Edwina, since I had the favour of your hand at the altar ; yet I feel my affection as strong as ever, and my esteem still higher, having been a witness to your
rising

rising above many trying circumstances, in which less religion and virtue than you are possessed of must have failed.

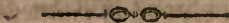
It has been our good fortune, since the time of our union, not to be obliged to be separated from each other, so long as to have made it necessary for us to repress our sensibility with the tediousness of expectation, to regret in vain the want of each other's support, or the long denial of endearing converse: Happy in a domestic life, we have been divided only by those avocations which the care of our family and the duties of my office have rendered unavoidable, and from which we have returned in general more satisfied with ourselves, and with fresh pleasure to each other.

But, my dearest Edwina! this scene is not to last; we must prepare for an alteration; it is a theme on which we have often conversed; death we are apprised will come, and cut short our prospects, and perhaps overtake us before we have completed half those schemes we had formed for the comfort of ourselves and our dearest connexions. What then can support us under the idea of this separation? What can reconcile us to being torn from these pleasing occupations? Nothing but the delightful hope of meeting again in a future and eternal world, where those seeds of happiness, which we are now sowing, will be brought to a maturity they can never arrive at here below.

O! what joy to be admitted to those seats of bliss, where there is no more pain, no more sorrow, no more separation! Our complacency in each other will then arise from the recollection of those innocent pleasures we enjoyed together here; but what will unite us more than any thing else, and will complete our felicity, will be the remembrance of all those

those mutual endeavours we exerted, to strengthen our good principles, and to make each other excel in virtue and religion.

This is a state we are warranted to aspire after, by the concurring testimony of good and wise men in all ages of the world ; who have invariably supported themselves with this consolation, under the loss of friends, that "we should go to them, though they cannot return to us." This is confirmed also by the declarations of the word of truth*. Here then let us fix our dependance ; this only can promise, with any certainty, a continuance of our happiness ; so shall we avoid those romantic and delusive ideas of felicity so natural to weak minds, which never can be realized on earth : so shall we secure to ourselves the firmest and most lasting support against that inevitable change and short absence we know ourselves destined to submit to : so shall we obtain those supreme enjoyments, which are not only eternal, but continually improving.——



THE

* That good men shall be united in a future state, a state of perfect purity and eternal peace, is an idea so full of comfort and consolation, and affords us a prospect so highly gratifying and delightful, that it is impossible to consider it without an heartfelt exultation, which is the more unbounded, as neither reason nor revelation forbid us to indulge it.

This hope like all those which we derive from the promises of the Gospel is given to support us in the trials and temptations to which we are exposed while here below, and will attend us in every situation ; in prosperity it will guard, in adversity it will cheer us ; and as age advances, and life loses its value, it will more and more encourage us till we arrive at the perfect day.

THE PORTRAIT
OF
A REAL FRIEND;

DRAWN FROM LIFE.

Friends grow not thick on every bough.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when distraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship?

If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your.

your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, depend on it, he is not your friend*.



THE

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION:

NEITHER FEW NOR SMALL.

This can support us all is sea besides.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHILE we are in this probationary state of being, we *must* encounter difficulties, and struggle with

* A *real* friend is hardly to be met with either in prosperity or adversity, and therefore justly compared to an apparition, which many people talk of, but few ever saw.

with uneasiness. The heart will often be dissatisfied we know not why, and reason will stand an idle spectator, as if unconscious of its power. In such cases it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the task to which it is appointed. It should be informed of the high office it bears in the œconomy of the soul, and be made acquainted with the insidious vigilance of its enemies. But while we languish under the uneasiness of discontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to consider the insignificance of every passion that centres, and pursuit that terminates here below. Suppose our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favouring gales of fortune—suppose our pursuits should be crowned with all the success that flattering hope assigns them; yet—vain, changeable, and impotent as we are, the success would not be worth even a moment's triumph.

While the heart turns upon an earthly axis like the perishable ball it loves, it will be variously affected by outward influences. Sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladness, and sometimes be the barren desert of melancholy; one while it will be exhilarated by the sunshine of pleasure, and again it will languish in the gloom of discontent. The cause of this is not only that the human heart is in itself changeable and uncertain, deriving its sensations from constitutional influences, but that the objects, if they are *earthly* objects, on which it depends for happiness, are liable to variation and decay. Hence arises the superiority of *religious* views. When our hopes of happiness are fixed on one certain event: an event which, though remote, cannot be altered by mortal contingencies; the heart has an invariable foundation whereon it may
securely

securely rest. Without this resting place, we should *be tossed to and fro by every wind* of fortune, the sport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To this immovable anchor of the soul religion directs us in the hopes of immortality.

We know from the unerring word of divine revelation that we shall exist in another state of being, after the dissolution of this; and we are confirmed by every benevolent purpose of Providence in the belief, that our future existence shall be infinitely happy. In this glorious hope the interests of a temporary life are swallowed up and lost. This hope, like the serpent of Aaron, devours the mock phantoms which are created by the magic of this world, and at once shows the vanity of every earthly pursuit. Compared with this prospect, how poor, how barren would every scene of mortal happiness appear! How despicable at the best—yet how liable to be destroyed by every storm of adversity! For, are we not exposed to a thousand accidents, the most trifling of which may be sufficient to break a scheme of felicity! Let us consider those conditions that are almost universally desired, the dignity of the great, and the affluence of the rich. Are these above the reach of misfortune? Are they exempt from the importunities of care! Greatness is but the object of impertinence and envy; and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wishes lead to these, we should unavoidably be disappointed. The acquisition might for a while soothe our vanity, but we should soon sigh for the ease of obscurity, and envy the content of those whom pride would call our vassals.

If wealth or grandeur then cannot afford us happiness, where shall we seek it? Is it to be found

found in the cell of the hermit? or does it watch by the taper of solitary learning? Loves it the society of laughing mirth? or does it affect the pensive pleasures of meditation? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendship, or in the lasting tenderness of conjugal love? Alas! this train of alternatives will not do. Should we fly from the troubles of society to some lonely hermitage, we should soon sigh for the amusements of the world we had quarrelled with. The strongest mind could not long support the burden of uncommunicated thought, and the firmest heart would languish in the stagnation of melancholy. Ask the solitary scholar, if ever, in his learned researches, he beheld the retreat of happiness—Amusement is all that he will pretend to—Amusement! in quest of which the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out, the understanding enervated by the assiduity of attention, and the memory, overburdened with unessential ideas. Yet, possibly, happiness may mingle with society and swell the acclamations of festive mirth. No—the joy that dwells there cannot be called happiness; for the noise of mirth will vanish with the echo of the evening, and *even in laughter the heart is sad*. If we are able to distinguish the elegance of conversation, we shall often be disgusted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly; and if not, we may be amused indeed with the noise, but can never taste the true pleasures of society.

As little reason have we to hope for lasting happiness from the engagements of friendship, or the sweets of love. The condition of human life is at best so uncertain, that it is even dangerous to form any connexions that are dear. The tenderness

derness of love opens the heart to many sufferings, to many painful apprehensions for the health and safety of its object, and to many uneasy sensations both from real and imaginary causes. For want of a better remedy to these evils, the wisdom of ancient philosophers teacheth us to bid a brave defiance to the assaults both of pleasure and pain; without instructing us how to defend the heart from the inroads of sorrow, or to guard against the unseen stratagems of distress. But the religion of a *Christian* affords a nobler and safer refuge. With the exalted hopes that this presents to us, *the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared.* In those glorious hopes let us bury every anxious thought, the uneasiness of discontent, and the solicitude of care. Let us not sink under our light afflictions, which are but for a moment. A very few years, perhaps a few months or days, may bring us into that state of being, where care and misery shall perplex no more for ever.

Though now we may have our bed in darkness, and our pillow on the thorn, yet the time draweth nigh when we shall taste of life without anguish, and enjoy the light without bitterness of soul. We are hourly hastening to that scene of existence, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest; where hope shall no more be cut off by disappointment, and where the distresses of time are forgotten in the endless joys of eternity.

LANGHORNE.



MERCY

MERCY AND JUSTICE,

HAPPILY UNITED.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

JESUS CHRIST, when he was hanging on the cross, thus prayed for the Jews who crucified him; *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.* As if he had said, they know not that I am thy Son, come down from heaven to bring the truth to them; to redeem them from Satan's slavery, and from eternal destruction. They believe me to be a most notorious liar; an infringer on their liberties; and a blasphemer of thy holy name. For this they have persecuted me; and for this do they crucify me; and therefore, Father, I pray thee to forgive their ignorance and blindness; I pray thee to forgive them because they know not what they do.

Here Christ was merciful, without being unjust; for certainly, though their very blindness was a crime and a dreadful one too; yet it was not so heinous, as it would have been, had they really known what they were doing; and therefore it was not beyond the reach of mercy. But had he said, Father, these people know me to be thy Son; they know that I came down from heaven to bring the truth to them;

to

to redeem them from Satan's slavery, and eternal damnation—they know I am no liar ; no infringer on their liberties ; no blasphemer of thy holy name, but the true Son of the everlasting Father : and notwithstanding this, have they persecuted me, and do they crucify me ; yet do I pray thee, Father, to forgive them. Had he said this, his mercy would have been as great a crime, as any they committed ; he would have sinned against his Father, in wishing him to do an unjust thing. He would have been himself an encourager of vice, and desiring his Father to be the same. His mercy would have been injustice. But he said not so ; but, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

Christ forgave Judas who betrayed him, for the very same reason ; for certainly, Judas no more believed, till after Christ was crucified, that he was truly the Son of God, than he believed him to be the King of the Jews : he took him for a conjurer (for in those days there were many such), and told the officers when they came to seize him, that if they did not take great care, he would escape from them by the help of his magic arts.

Amongst many errors, there is one very prevalent with men, and even the *best* of men too. They assert that it is the *will* only that makes a thing criminal ; therefore, though a man commits a crime, if he believes that what he does is not criminal ; it shall not be so in the sight of God ; neither shall he be punished for it.

This is false : and a very dangerous error ; for his not knowing it to be a crime, is almost as great a one, as he can well commit. Because there is no knowledge necessary to salvation, that is not within man's reach ; therefore his not seeking that knowledge is a crime.

If

If the *will* only made the thing criminal, few would be guilty ; for few are so impartial to themselves, as to believe they are in the wrong.

If your enemy repents him of his fault ; acknowledges it ; endeavours to make restitution ; and by the sincerity of his penitence, gives you room to think he will offend no more in the same manner ; you must forgive him, nay, serve him too, if in your power ; or you will be unmerciful ; and that mercy you deny, shall be denied to you again.

If he is hardened ; will not see his error ; makes no acknowledgement ; no restitution ; and proves by this, that he will still persist in doing you an injury ; you are then to execute strict justice on him, so far as to preserve, or justify yourself ; and to deprive him of the power to do further injury to either you, or your neighbour, otherwise, you will be answerable for the crimes which he commits.

Yet even here, you are to keep a steady eye, on *justice* only ; you must look on nothing else ; you must not bear him malice ; you must not think of revenge, or pursue any underhand methods to obtain it ; you must not belie him, scandalize him, or insult over his misfortunes ; you must not do him any private injury ; wrong him in any manner ; or act any kind of outrage against him. Your conduct must be fair, and open ; the dictates of pure justice, and self-preservation, and nothing else ; otherwise, you are more criminal than he ; because you are yourself committing the very same crimes for which you punish him.

I had much rather see my enemy repent, and mend his faults, than see him punished for them ; because this puts it in my power to be merciful : besides, by forgiving, and even serving, those who do us an injury, we often make to ourselves the most sincere and unshaken friendships. For he who has a soul capable of feeling himself in the wrong, and acknowledging his error, must have some sense of virtue and will be more deeply struck by an obligation from the person he has injured, than he could be, even by the hand of the executioner.

I was once most grossly affronted by a young gentleman, whom some time after I had it greatly in my power to serve ; he came into a house where I was, and directing his discourse to the rest of the company, told them in *my* presence, wherein it lay so much in my power to assist him : but added he, I cannot have the impudence to ask him, or expect that he will do it, after the scandalous manner in which I have behaved to him.

I made not the least reply, but a few days afterwards did the business ; and sent for him to pay him a considerable sum of money I had received. When he saw the money, and found what I had done, he burst into a flood of tears. None of my pretended friends, cried he, would stir to serve me ; and the greatest enemy I had in the world, has saved me from destruction.

He went away, without being able even to thank me, or utter a word more ; and from that hour to the hour of his death, I never had a more sincere friend upon all occasions.



RURAL FELICITY.

A MORAL PICTURE DRAWN FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

ALL hail to thee ! thou peaceful lone retreat !
Welcome this rude uncultivated spot !
Where hospitality has fix'd her seat,
In humble Poverty's sequester'd cot.

Those barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
That solitary stream meand'ring flow,
This little pasture, and the scanty flocks,
Have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and fortune's minions scorn'd,
Remote from crowds, on schemes of grandeur bent,
Here simple Nature, sweetly unadorn'd,
Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whose tottering roof
Seems just departing from its time-worn thatch,
A gen'rous pair, compassion's noblest proof,
For ev'ry trav'ller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,
With few possessions they've abundant wealth ;
In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find
Life's choicest blessings, Innocence and Health.

Together

Together once they trod its early stage,
 Together now they journey down the vale ;
 Past scenes of youth endear approaching age,
 And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
 With artless prattle ev'ry care beguiles ;
 She, while her parents cherish and improve,
 Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,
 Her future weal still anxious to secure ;
 Content, when summon'd to their final doom,
 To leave her *honest*, tho' they leave her poor.

“ O sacred wedlock ! flame for ever bright !
 “ Perpetual source of untumultuous joy !
 “ Pure, silent stream ! that flows with new delight,
 “ Bliss still increasing, sweets that never cloy ;

“ 'Midst bustling throngs, thy soft endearments charm,
 “ Restrain the husband, and protect the wife ;
 “ But chief thy chaste connubial raptures warm
 “ The peaceful current of unruffled life.”

There the mild transports of the social hour,
 Forbid each ill completed wish to roam,
 Best pleas'd to seek retirement's halcyon bow'r,
 And rear their ripening progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little Great,
 Ye ever roving, ever thoughtless crew,
 Suspend awhile magnificence and state,
 To learn contentment from the happy few.

Come.

Come, wearied Indigence, forget thy woes,
This faithful cottage harbours no disguise ;
Here, undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,
And taste that comfort which the world denies.



DESULTORY REMARKS

ON THE

FAILINGS OF HUMAN NATURE.

WITH EXAMPLES TAKEN FROM LIFE.



Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRGIL.

IT has long been my chief amusement to analyze mankind, to strip them of every adventitious advantage ; to consider them, 1st, merely as men ; 2dly, as members of society ; and 3dly, to clothe them with their accidental, natural, and acquired qualifications. But it is a labour which by no means.

means perfects the *benevolent* dispositions of the soul. For when thus examined, many characters, which are esteemed virtuous, lose their false gloss, and appear shocking, vicious and detestable ; while others gain infinitely by the scrutiny, and from contemptible, become admirable, and worthy of esteem and imitation. For, such is the ridiculousness of mankind, a real good character is often despised for want of a few qualities, which, to the calm and unprejudiced eye of reason, would tarnish the lustre of all its virtues, and render it base and contemptible indeed.

Give me leave to instance in two men, with whom I have long maintained some degree of intimacy. Pancris is generous, affable, and courageous. He knows not fear. The general tenor of his life has been such as renders him, at least in the opinion of the generality of his fellow-creatures, equally a stranger to timidity and shame. He possesses many valuable accomplishments of learning, wit, strength, genius, and a sound judgment.—Wherever he comes, his sallies of humour, infallibly ‘set the table in a roar.’ His learning makes his company agreeable to philosophers ; and his gaiety, to all who prefer the wild effusions of fancy and vivacity, before the argumentative sedateness of sober reason.

I need not say, that he is every-where received with such a warmth of friendship, as declares his presence in a great measure essential to the happiness of his acquaintances. The recital of ‘a tender tale of woe will so rouse his compassion and generosity, as to prove that he ‘feels and bleeds at every pore.’ To the utmost of his power he relieves every misfortune, and alleviates every distress ; and seldom do the unfortunate leave his gate without

without eyes swimming with the tears of gratitude, without invoking the choicest blessings of heaven upon his head.

Thus far he seems to be the most highly finished transcript of human perfection; but, how reluctantly must we examine the other side of his character!

His figure is elegant, almost beyond imagination. He is the idol of the fair sex; and often has he used their prepossession in his favour to effectuate their ruin. Many have hung upon his tongue, which, like Belial's,

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear.

The better reason---

—————His thoughts were

To vice industrious.

MILTON'S Par. Lost.

They heard, and declared their folly with the loss of virtue, fame and honour; while he, to atone for his crimes, has killed in duels several defenders of the injured. By the sword has he cut off the hopes of blooming youth, and brought down the grey hairs of many an aged parent with sorrow to the grave.

Tranquillius, his neighbour, is a very different character—His acquaintances are few and those who distinguish his worth are still fewer. He possesses every valuable endowment, which is fitted to smoothe his passage through 'the cool sequestered vale of life.' His fortune is not large, but sufficient, with œconomy, to enable him to appear with *eclat* in the country, where he always resides. But, to experience that godlike pleasure, to give, he abridges himself of what many account the *necessaries* of life.

He

He proves himself to be an universal and practical philanthropist, by a judicious distribution of his riches. He seldom appears without enjoying the ineffable happiness of hearing multitudes of the sons of Poverty and Woe acknowledge him their friend, their benefactor ; and clamorous in prayers to heaven in his behalf ; and others, whose feelings are too big for utterance, declare by their looks what words could never express. There is an affability in his behaviour, which is the genuine offspring, nay the distinguishing characteristic of the most consummate benevolence. He is rather an Heraclitus, than a Democritus, seeming to have modelled his imitative powers like Jaques ; for I have seen him.

——As he lay along

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out;

Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,

* * * *

Augmenting it with tears. SHAKESPEARE.

His conversation is never agreeable to the juvenile and sprightly ; for, in despite of themselves, it would make them serious and thoughtful. By the young, the gay, and those who have spent their time in the pursuit of trifles, so as to be overtaken by old age, before they have left the follies of youth, he is despised. He is accustomed to dwell frequently on the contemplation of human miseries, and

To feel for all the woes of all mankind.

He cannot therefore commit what would give any of the species a *momentary* uneasiness, much less plant stings and daggers in their hearts. His learning is
very

very profound and extensive, his genius penetrating, and his judgment strong.

Educated in a college, far from the scenes of active life, he contracted the habit of thinking; in consequence of which, when apparent dangers threaten, he feels them almost as severely as if they had already befallen him. He is excessively timid, and very careful and solicitous to avoid every appearance of evil. He is not in the least indebted to nature for an exterior, which is the most grotesque imaginable; he is low in stature, very corpulent, and frequently the butt of ridicule on these accounts. Yet still he is truly a worthy character, and deserving general esteem.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely power! whose bosom heaves a sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress,
Whose tears spontaneous crySTALLIZE the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that sigh compare;
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies:
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feat no hapless insect dies.

Come,

Come, lovely nymph ! and range the fields with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the scorching gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;
Teach me in friendship's woes to claim a share ;
And justly boast the generous feeling heart*.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's tears assuage,
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure support of drooping age.

So when the cheerful spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

* Sympathy and compassion are the offspring of Heaven ;
to weep with them that weep is the duty of all.

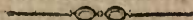
REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION

ON A

TOMB-STONE, AT GREEN-BAY, JAMAICA.

HERE lieth the body of Lewis Gauldy, Esq. who departed this life at Port Royal, Dec. 22, 1739, aged 80. He was born at Montpelier, in France, but left that country for his religion, and came to settle in this island, when he was swallowed up in the great earthquake in 1692, and by the providence of God was by another shock thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming, until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all that knew him, and much lamented at his death.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.



EMPLOYMENTS

EMPLOYMENTS SUITED TO

GENTLEMEN,

WHETHER IN TOWN OR COUNTRY;

TO PREVENT TIME BEING A BURDEN TO THEM.

'Tis a difficult thing to be idle and innocent.

PERSONS who by birth, marriage, death of relatives, or success in business, are become the possessors of independent fortunes, and consequently entitled *gentlemen*; may experience it difficult, at times, to find employments for the many leisure hours they apparently have upon their hands from day to day. But this I apprehend would seldom be the case, if the duties we owe to our Creator, ourselves, and our fellow-creatures, were properly attended to and regarded.

The dictates of piety, virtue, benevolence, and humanity, will ever suggest ample matter for the exercise of our mental powers and faculties; while at the same time they may suitably point out to us objects well deserving our notice and pursuit.

Reflections on the works of creation daily presented to our view; reading judicious and approved authors on moral and entertaining subjects, such as *history, geography, astronomy, philosophy*, and the polite arts; writing letters to select friends; or, if there is a taste for it, *drawing, designing pictures, painting,*
and

and *music*; *walking or riding* out when the weather permits; *conversation* with persons of learning, ingenuity, and experience; finding out and relieving the necessitous and distressed*; these are innocent, rational, and commendable employments, exercises, and recreations, fit for gentlemen† whether in town or country, and in all seasons of the year; which may keep both the mind and body usefully engaged at all times, and promote health, cheerfulness, and the benefit of society in general.

As habits of indolence and inactivity cannot be too carefully avoided, by the possessors of wealth and abundance; so useful, praiseworthy, and ornamental accomplishments and pursuits cannot be too zealously encouraged and promoted; as truly beneficial to individuals in particular, and the community at large.

G. W.

ON

* 'Tis more blessed to *give* than to *receive*; the inward satisfaction and complacency naturally attending the relieving a worthy object of compassion, is truly its own reward.

†The real gentleman will be as choice of his amusements and recreations, as of his company and connexions; he will be as careful not to disgrace his character by the diversions he countenances and partakes of, as of the persons he chuses as his intimate friends; well assured, either of them may (if improper) ruin his character, reputation, and estate.

ON CONTEMPT, OR DESPISING OUR INFERIORS.

—
Despise no one, but look at home.
—

THAT which constitutes an object of contempt to the ill-natured and malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man ; for in such a person, wickedness and vice must always raise hatred and abhorrence ; while weakness and folly will ever be sure to excite pity and compassion.

However detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

As a good man, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such a passion ; so neither will a sensible man, I am well persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate use of that self-examination, which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then perhaps as their charity is said to do, begin at *home*. To say the truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself, than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best. . . .

Contempt

Contempt is generally mutual : there is scarce any one man who despises another, without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right honourable lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. M. Buckram, citizen and taylor, in his chaise and *one*, "See there!" says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt, "that rascal Buckram, with his fat wife :— I suppose he is going to his country house, for such fellows must have their country house, as well as their vehicle. These are the rascals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other hand, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way ; than, turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith ! an honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows as these, who drive about their coaches and fix with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he has got, and yet he cannot find money to pay an honest tradesman. He is above an *hundred* pounds deep in my books ; how I despise such lords !"

Lady Fanny Rantum, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawnbroker's wife below her, bids lady Betty her companion take notice of that creature in the pit ; "Did you ever see, lady Betty," says she, "such a strange wretch ? how the awkward monster is dressed ?" The good woman at the same time surveying lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a scornful smile, which she sees in her countenance, whispers her friend, "Observe lady Fanny Rantum. As great airs as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath all her jewels under lock and key ; what a contemptible thing is *poor* quality !"

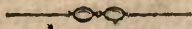
Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than the poor scholar to a splendid beau ? unless perhaps
the

the splendid beau to the poor scholar ! The philosopher and the world ; the man of business and the man of pleasure ; the beauty and the wit ; the hypocrite and the profligate ; the covetous and the squanderer ; are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for *five-pence* a day, who is the only slave in a free country ; and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent ; and whilst at home subject to the severest punishments, for offences which are not to be found in our law books ; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-dust coloured coat, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a yard, the very *gentleman* soldier is as much despised in his turn, by the whistling carter, who comforts himself, that he is a free-born Englishman, and will live with no master any longer than he likes him ; nay, and though he never was worth ten pounds in his life, is ready to answer a captain, if he offends him, " D—n you, Sir, who are you ? is it not we that pay you ? "

This contemptuous disposition is in reality the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station ; on the contrary, a great and *good* man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke lately given by a blackshoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts : " Why should you despise him, Jack ? " said the honest lad : " we are all what the Lord pleased to make us. "

TOM



TOM TURF; A NEWMARKET CHARACTER,

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

A man with more money than wit.

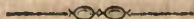
TOM TURF is possessed of an estate of *fifteen hundred pounds a year*, which is just sufficient to furnish him with a variety of riding frocks, jockey boots, smart hats, and coach whips. Tom's great ambition is to be deemed a *jemmy fellow*; he therefore appears always in a morning in a *Newmarket* frock, a short bob wig, neat buckikin breeches, and white silk stockings.

He keeps a *phaeton* and four handsome *bays*, a stable of hunters; and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of being a good coachman, and driving a set of horses with skill; or, in his own phrase, *doing his business well*, he esteems the greatest character in life; and thinks himself seated on the very pinnacle of glory, when he is mounted in a high chaise at a horse-race. *Newmarket* has not a more active spirit; he is there, frequently his *own* jockey, and always boasts, as a singular accomplishment, *that he does not ride above eight stone and a half*.

He is a little man not of a very healthy constitution, but wishes to be thought capable of the greatest fatigue, and is perpetually laying wagers of the vast journies he can perform in a day. He

has likewise an ambition to be reckoned a man of consummate-debauch, and endeavours to make you believe, that he never goes to bed without first drinking *three* or *four* bottles of claret, lying with as many wh—es, and knocking down as many watchmen*. He very often comes drunk into one of the theatres, about the middle of the third act, and heroically exposes himself to the hisses of both the galleries.

When he meets you, he generally begins with describing his last night's debauch, or relates the arrival of a new wh—re upon the town, or entertains you with the exploits of his *bay cattle*; and if you decline conversing with him on these *improving* subjects, he swears you are a fellow of no soul or genius, and ever afterwards thuns your company. From such despicable characters, good Lord deliver us.



ON A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

FROM A YOUNG LADY IN DORSETSHIRE TO HER FRIEND

IN LONDON.

I WRITE, my dear friend, from this agreeable solitude; the meadows and gardens, the thick gloom of the trees, the dashing of the cascade; all these objects, so unusual to me, give an agreeable sort of melancholy to the mind.

Among

* These exploits are leading features in the character of a modern young man of spirit.

Among very different scenes and different company, my fair correspondent, I doubt not, passes her days.

At one period she receives company, at another she is dressing for the opera. One hour she listens to the jests of some *petitmaitre*, and the next to the vivacity of her female visitants. When she lies down to rest, her thoughts are engrossed—all engrossed by *plays, routs, auctions, and chard-tables*. It is no wonder if the devotions of the evening are wholly neglected, or at least performed in a slight and careless manner.

Could my dear Sophia have imagined *twelve* months since, that I should have sent her such a letter? But I have not now taken up the pen in a vein of raillery. I am of late grown more than ordinarily pensive. Much of my past time has been spent, I must acknowledge with regret, in dissipation and *false* pleasure. I am now resolved, with the assistance of divine wisdom, to act like a being endowed with rational faculties, and formed to live for ever. I peruse, with the greatest diligence, night and morning, the sacred writings; and am quite enamoured with the excellence of the precepts contained in them; and with the exalted idea they give of our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer.

Ye gay companions of my former life! your dream of happiness will very speedily vanish away like the dew of the morning. Why will ye persist in your thoughtless course? "Be assured the years will soon draw nigh, when ye shall have no pleasure in them: and the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves; when the mourners shall go about the streets; when the dust shall return to its native dust,
and

and the spirit to God who gave it." The tolling knell often proclaims the demise of an intimate friend or neighbour; but you hear it void of sensibility and reflection.

The retrospect of a life spent in gaiety and amusement will afford no complacency, no serenity in the views of death*; but the retrospect of a life of rational devotion will be truly delightful even at that awful crisis. "The hour is come (the believer may then say), the happy hour I have so ardently expected. I have learned to acquiesce in every disposal of infinite wisdom.

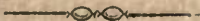
What is persecution or exile, or even death itself, to the real Christian? What are the best delights of human life? Mere anxiety and vexation; but the delights of futurity have no diminution, and are such as I cannot, in the present mode of existence, form any competent idea of.

May my dear Sophy be persuaded to steal from the giddy multitude, and enjoy that best of converse, which fallible and weak-sighted human beings are too apt to neglect or despise—converse with her own *heart*. Hence she will learn humility, resignation, penitence, and gratitude†. May all her devout exercises be more acceptable than incense from the altar, to that Power who is ever willing to hear, and to fulfil the requests of the sincerely penitent.

I am, dear friend, your real well-wisher, &c.

MATILDA F.—.

Winbourn, Dorsetshire.



THE

*The propriety of this lady's sentiments no gentleman in his right senses can deny.

† Good was the advice of King David, *Commune with thy own heart* Psalm iv. 4.

THE
INCONVENIENCES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

AN EXTRACT.

THE witty duke of Buckingham, meeting one day with a snarling dog in the streets, said, "D—n you, I wish you was married, and settled in the country ;" which the duke thought the greatest curse he could wish any one. As I have lately removed there for cheapness, I will relate what I have met with.

A friend I had consulted, hired for me a small farm, which he said would assist me in housekeeping; and my wife was pleased with the thoughts of having her own pigs and poultry. I found the country as full of brutality as dirt; there is not more clay in the roads than knavery in the inhabitants; and the whole so fortified in rustic impudence, that I protest the hackney-coachman and draymen in London are better companions. The cows I bought had flunk their calves, the sheep were rotten, the horses broken-winded, the hogs mangy, and the poultry had the droop; yet they were all sold to me with the greatest asseverations of perfection.

Then, as to provisions, the butcher calls once a week, to know what meat you want, and that day se'nnight brings you a buttock of beef of 30lb. weight, when *ten* was all you wanted; and as the family is small, he gives you meat not much better than carrion, but does not forget to charge the high-
est

est price for it. As to fish, we get none but what stinks, though only ten miles from the sea; and my landlord shewed me a very pretty pond, as he called it, which would at any time, he said, afford me a dish of fish. This cost me 40s. for a net, in order to get fifteen penny worth of carp, as big as my finger.

Another recommendation of his farm was its being situated in a *fine sporting country*; I had a mind to try it; and therefore bought a dog and a gun; and going out one morning, was met by the squire's gamekeeper, who desired me to walk home immediately, or he must shoot my dog. Well, to be sure, there is no end of the happiness of the country: I lately took to *gardening*, and had scarce cropped my kitchen ground, before a neighbouring squire rode his fox-hounds through it; and upon my consulting a lawyer for a prosecution, I found the matter would be tried by a jury of fox-hunters.

Every fellow in the neighbourhood marks you for his prey, and will treat you with insolence, if you do not pay in every thing through the nose, like a lord or a nabob. One had need be made of money, for the moment there is a want of this, our cattle are pounded, the pigs worried, the fences broken down, and our hen-roosts robbed. A pretty life for a man of *small* fortune! No, no, let none but men of *wealth* think of it; I could live in town upon one hundred pounds a year, much better than in the country upon *three*; every pig I have killed has cost me a guinea; and I had better pay five shillings a-head for poultry, than bring them up at home.

So much for *gentlemen* farmers.



THE
HUMBLE AND CONTENTED MAN.

A POEM, ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

A FLOW of good spirits I've seen, with a smile,
To worth make a shallow pretence ;
And the chat of good-breeding with ease for awhile
May pass for good-nature and sense ;

But where is the bosom untainted by art,
The judgment so modest and staid,
That union so rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made ?

Should fortune capriciously cease to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty descend ;
I doubtless like others should clasp her with joy,
And my wants and my wishes extend*.

But since 'tis deny'd me, and Heaven best knows
Whether kinder, to grant it or not,
Say why should I vainly disturb my repose,
And peevishly carp at my lot ?

Many men of less worth—you good natur'dly cry—
To splendour and opulence soar :
Suppose I allow it, yet, pray Sir, am I
Less happy because they are more ?

* It is generally observed, our wishes enlarge as our wealth increases.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
 On the fav'rites whom fortune has made,
 Regardless of thousands who pine with neglect,
 In pensive obscurity's shade,

With whom, when comparing the merit I boast,
 Tho' rais'd by indulgence to fame,
 I sink in confusion bewilder'd and lost,
 And I wonder I am what I am ;

And what are these wonders, these blessings refin'd,
 Which splendour and opulence shower ?
 The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
 Are things which are out of their power.

To Contentment's calm sunshine, the lot of the few,
 Can insolent Greatness pretend ?
 Or can it bestow what I boast of in you,
 That blessing of blessings—a *friend* ?



ON THE
 PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES
 OF
 READING AND CONVERSATION,
 IN THE SUPERIOR WALKS OF LIFE.

At the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from *books*. In variety,
 durability,

durability, and facility of attainment, no other can stand in competition with it. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it! how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power.

We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audience of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton*. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone.

If domestic enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life (and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have), the pleasures of *reading* have beyond all question held the *second* place. Without books I have never been able to pass scarce a single day to my entire satisfaction; with them, no day has been so dull as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book, I have frequently worn through long nights and days of pain, with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof of the possibility of being cheaply pleased and instructed at the same time.

3

Reading

*Well may it be asserted by an eminent writer, by *reading* we converse with the dead, by *conversation* with the living, and by *contemplation* with ourselves.

Reading may in every sense be called a *cheap* amusement. A *taste for books*, indeed, may be made expensive enough; but that is only where there is a taste for *fine editions, bindings, paper, and type**. Learn to distinguish between books to be *perused*, and books to be *possessed*. Of the former, you may find an ample store in every subscription library, the proper use of which to a scholar is to furnish his mind, without loading his shelves. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is necessary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midst of bustle and business you may, in an instant, by the magic of a book plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and disengage yourself from present care and fatigue. "Sweet pliability of man's spirit," (cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his *Sentimental Journey*,) "that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their wearisome moments!"

The next of the rational pleasures of life that I shall point out, is that of *conversation*.—This is a pleasure of higher zest than that of reading; since in conversing we not only receive the sentiments of others, but impart our own, and from this reciprocation a spirit and interest arise, which books cannot give in an equal degree. Fitness for conversation must depend on the store of ideas laid up in the mind, and the faculty of communicating them. These, in a great degree, are the results of education and the habit of society: and to a certain point they are favoured by superiority of condition. But this is only to a *certain* point; for when you arrive at that class in which sensuality, indolence, and dissipation, are fostered by excess of opulence,

* Books should be chosen for the *good sense* they contain, and not for their binding, be it ever so good.

lence*, you lose more by diminished energy of mind, than you gain by superior refinement of manners and elegance of expression.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

DR. JOHNSON TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

DEAR SIR,

March 17, 1752.

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon us, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day—such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity—or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burden but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings, though silently, yet visibly forward, by its own lapse, which yet approaches unseen, because we turn our eyes away: and seize

us

* This is too often the case among the great.

us unresisted, because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is in vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must sometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect ; and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death. Yet there is no man (says Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year ; and there is none who does not upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or friend : but the fallacy will be in time detected ; the *last* year, the *last* day, will come ; it has come, and is past. " The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects."

The loss of a friend, on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of desolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life—the artless tenderness—the pious simplicity—the modest resignation—the patient sickness, and the quiet death—are remembered only to add value to the loss—to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended—to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate ; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot
return,

return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man ! but what is success to him who has none to enjoy it ? Happiness is not found in *self*-contemplation ; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent : “ There is joy among the angels of heaven over a sinner that repenteth.” And surely the joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate, what Revelation does not confute—that the union of souls may still remain ; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have one part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power ? And to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the *greatest power is the best* ?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the Gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light? The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquility in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of Him in whose hands are life and death; and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy—Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but *Religion* only can give patience.

SAM. JOHNSON.

ON

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE.

TO guard against the fatal effects which disappointments are apt to have upon the mind, is a point of the utinost consequence towards passing through life with any tolerable degree of comfort and satisfaction; for disappointments, more or less, must be the lot of all.

At the first entrance into the world, when the imagination is active, the affections warm, and the heart a stranger to deceit, and consequently to suspicion, what delightful dreams of happiness are formed! Whatever may be the object in which that happiness
is

is supposed to consist, that object is pursued with ardour: the gay and thoughtless seek for it in dissipation and amusement; the ambitious in power, fame, and honours; the affectionate in love and friendship: but how few are there who find in any of these objects that happiness which they expected!

Pleasure, fame, riches, &c. even when they are obtained, still leave a void in the soul, which continually reminds the possessor that this is not the happiness for which he was formed, and even the best affections are liable to numberless disappointments, and often productive of the severest pangs.

The unsuspecting heart forms attachments before reason is capable of judging whether the objects of them are such as are qualified to make it happy; and it often happens, that the fatal truth is not discovered till the affections are engaged too far to be recalled, and then the disappointment must prove a lasting sorrow.

The young are too apt to fancy that the affections of their hearts will prove the source of nothing but pleasure; those who are farther advanced in life, are much too apt to run into the contrary extreme. The error of the first, even taking it in the worst light, is productive of some pleasure, as well as pain; that of the last serves only to throw a damp over every pleasure, and can be productive of nothing but pain. It leads indeed to the most fatal consequences since it tends to make *self* the only object; and the heart which is merely selfish, must ever be incapable of virtue and of happiness, and a stranger to all the solid joys of affection and benevolence; without which the happiest state in this world must be insipid, and with which even the severest afflictions may be easily supported.

In

In every state of life, in spite of every disappointment, these should still be cherished and encouraged; for though they may not always bestow such pleasures as the romantic imaginations of youth had painted, yet they will still bestow such as can be found in nothing else in this world.

Those who are freed from cares and anxieties, who are surrounded by all the means of enjoyment, and whose pleasures present themselves without being sought for, are often unhappy in the midst of all; merely because that activity of mind, in the proper exercise of which our happiness consists, has in them no object on which it may be employed. But when the heart is sincerely and affectionately interested for the good of others, a new scene of action is continually open, every moment may be employed in some pleasing and useful pursuit.

New opportunities of doing good are continually presenting themselves; new schemes are formed and ardently pursued; and even when they do not succeed, though the disappointment may give pain, yet the pleasure of self-approbation will remain; and the pursuit will be remembered with satisfaction. The next opportunity which offers itself will be readily embraced, and will furnish a fresh supply of pleasures; such pleasures as are secure from that weariness and disgust, which sooner or later are the consequences of all such enjoyments as tend merely to gratify the selfish passions and inclinations; and which always attend on an inactive state of mind, from whatever cause it may proceed.

Even in the most trifling scenes of common life, the truly benevolent may find many pleasures which would pass unnoticed by others; and in a conversation, which to the thoughtless and inattentive would afford only a trifling amusement, or perhaps no amusement

usement, at all, *they* may find many subjects for pleasing and useful reflections, which may conduce both to their happiness and advantage.

It is a pleasing as well as useful exercise to the mind, to discover real merit, through the veil which humility and modesty throw over it*; and to admire true greatness of soul, even in the meanest situations in life; or when it exerts itself on occasions supposed to be trifling, and therefore, in general, but little attended to or regarded.



ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

AN ESSAY.



Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.



AGE, that lessens the enjoyments of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which in the vigour of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear at last becomes the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have



* There is no *real* merit without this veil.

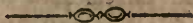
have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it, that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments? and as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure and enjoyment, would at once induce him with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him, at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its *real* value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general from the length of our acquaintance with it*. "I would not chuse," says a French philosopher,

* The longer we know our friends, and find them to be *really* such, the more unwilling we shall be to part with them.

pher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them ; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance : from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession ; they love the world and all that it produces ; they love life and all its advantages ; not merely because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.



SONNET TO TIME.

INSATIATE Despot ! whose resistless arm
Shatters the loftiest fabric from its base ;
And tears from beauty ev'ry magic charm,
And robs proud Nature of her loveliest grace !

Still art thou kind ; for as thy pow'r prevails,
And age comes onward, menacing decay ;
As warmth expires, and numbing frost assails,
And life's faint lamp presents a quiv'ring ray ;

'Tis thine to reconcile the tranquil breast,
To prove that sublunary joys are vain ;
To turn from pomp, and all its tinsel train,
And seek the silent paths of *mental* rest ;
So, from the deadliest poison, chymic art
Extracts a healing balm to tranquilize the heart.



DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF EVENING.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

THE eve's in dusky mantle drest,
The day's last gleam just streaks the West;
Till slowly sinking from the hills,
A deep'ning shade the prospect fills.

No sound to strike the ear doth move,
From rural pipe or vocal grove;
The flocks and herds to rest are gone,
The hamlet's wonted sports are done.

The gathering clouds now close arrange,
As waiting for the coming change;
Till Luna and her train in sight,
The sober evening yields to night.



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